





"THEN KISS ME ONCE AGAIN, JACK." (Page 570.)

THE QUEEN'S CADET.



**I** HAVE been forced to believe in the existence and influence of an unseen world, of something which is described in that line of Dryden's:

'With silent steps I follow you all day.'

I have felt the influence of the spiritual and invisible on the senses, though I know nothing of the complications, the deceptions and alleged perils forming a portion of that which is now termed spiritualism; and which affirms that the unseen world cannot become manifest, save in obedience to certain occult laws which regulate the phenomena of Nature."

What rigmarole was this?

Could the speaker—this man with the melancholy tone and saddened eye—actually be the same handsome Jack Arkley, my old college chum at Sandhurst, who was always rather sceptical, even in religious matters, who was one of the merriest fellows there, who had been once nearly rusticated for breaking the lamps and dismounting the guns to spite the adjutant, but who, as a Queen's cadet, had more marks of excellence than any of us; who was afterwards the beau ideal of a fine young English officer—a prime bat and bowler, who pulled a good stroke oar, had such a firm seat in his saddle, and who was the best hand for organising a pic-nic, a ball, or a scratch company for amateur theatricals; and who in the late expedition against the Looshais, had won the reputation of being a regular fire-eater—a fellow who would face the devil in his shirt-sleeves?

Could the champagne of "the Rag" have affected him, thought I, as he continued earnestly and sadly, and while manipulating a cigar selected from the silver stand on the table:

"I have somewhere read that very few persons in this world have been unfortunate enough to have seen those things that are invisible to others."

"By Jove! Do you mean a—ghost?"

"Not exactly the vulgar ghost of the nursery," said he, his pale face colouring slightly.

"But we have all met with those who knew someone else who had seen something weird, unearthly, unexplainable."

"Precisely; but I shall speak from personal experience—so now for a little narrative of my own."

We had dined that evening at the club, where D—, of the Greys, had given a few fellows a dinner, in honour of being gazetted to his troop, and to "wet" the new commission; and though it seemed to me that, like the rest of us, Jack Arkley had done justice to all the good things set before him, from the soup to the coffee and curaçoa, he had been, during dinner, remarkably *triste* or abstracted, and took but little interest in the subjects discussed by the guests, who were mostly all upon short leave from Aldershot, and, the Spring drills being over, were thankful to exchange the white dust of the Long Valley, for the Row or Regent Street.

We were alone now, and lingering over some iced brandy-pawnee (as we called it



in India) in the cool bay-window of his room in Piccadilly, where it overlooked the pleasant Green Park, and where the clock of Westminster was shining above the trees, like a red harvest moon. So I prepared to listen to him with more curiosity than belief, while he related the following singular story, which he would never have ventured to relate to the circle of heedless fellows whom we had just left.

"My parents died when I was little more than an infant, leaving me to the care of two uncles, a maternal one, named Beverley, a man of considerable wealth, who, in consequence of a quarrel with my father, whose marriage with his sister he resented, totally ignored my existence, and was ever a kind of myth to me; the other a paternal one, a bachelor curate in North Wales, poor old Morgan Apreece Arkley, than whom there was no better nor more kind-hearted man in all the Principality.

"His means were most limited; but to share the little he possessed he made me freely and tenderly welcome, all the more so that to two appeals he had made to the generosity of my Uncle Beverley, no response was ever returned—a cutting coldness and rudeness bitterly resented by my hot-tempered but warm-hearted old Welsh kinsman.

"A career was necessarily chosen for me.

"The death of my father on duty at Benares, enabled me to be borne on the strength of the Military College at Sandhurst as one of the twenty Queen's cadets; and to that seminary I repaired, a few months after you did, when in my sixteenth year, leaving with sincere sorrow the lonely white-haired man who had been as a parent to me, and whose secluded parsonage by the margin of Llyn Ogwen, and under the shadow of Carneydd Davydd, had been the only home I could remember. There for years he had been my earnest and anxious tutor, mingling with the classics a store of quaint old Welsh legends and ancient songs, for he was an excellent and enthusiastic harper, and had come of a long line of harpers.

"Prior to this change in my life, I encountered an adventure which has had considerable influence in my after career.

"From childhood I had been familiar with the mountains that overhang Llyn

Ogwen. I knew every track and rock and fissure of Carneydd Davydd, of "the Black Ladders" of Carneydd Llewellyn, and the brows of the greater giant of the three, cloud-capped Snowdon. For miles upon miles among them I had been wont to wander with my gun, and at times to aid the shepherds in tracking out lost sheep or goats, by places where we looked down upon the grey mist and vapour that floated below us, and where the mountain peaks seemed to start out of it like isles amid a sea. In the heart of such solitudes as these I found food for much reflective thought, and was wont to give full swing to my boyish fancies.

"Under every variety of season and weather I was wont to wander among these mountains; sometimes when their sides seemed to vibrate under the hot rays of a cloudless summer sun; at others when the glistening snow lay deep in the passes and valleys, or when height and hollow were alike shrouded in thick and impenetrable mist; but my favourite spot was ever Llyn Idwal, the wildest and most savage of all our Welsh lakes. It fills the crater of an ancient volcano, and is the traditional scene of the murder of Idwal, a prince of Wales, who was flung over its precipice—a place which for gloomy grandeur has no equal, as the bare rocks that start out of it, sheer as a wall, darken by their shadows its depth to the most intense blackness; and the peasants aver that no fish can swim in it, and no bird fly over it and live.

"Lying upon the mountain tops, amid the purple heather or the scented thyme-grass, I was wont to watch the distant waters of the Channel, stretching far away beyond the Puffin Isle and Great Orme's Head, ever changing in hue as the masses of cloud skimmed over them; and from thence I followed, with eager eyes, the white sails of the ships, or the long smoky pennants of the steamers that were bound for—ah! where were they bound for?—and so, far from the solitary parsonage of the good old man who loved me so well, I was ungrateful enough to follow to distant isles and shores these vanishing specks, in the spirit.

"I see that you are impatient to know what all this preamble has to do with Sandhurst and the melancholy which now oppresses me; but, nevertheless, I am fast coming to the matter—to 'that keystone of the soul, which must exist in every nature.'



"One day I was up a wild part of the mountains, far above Llyn Ogwen, a long and narrow sheet of water which occupies the whole pass between Braich-ddu and the shoulder of Carneydd Davydd. My sole companion was my dog, Cidwm—in English, "Wolf"—which lay beside me on the sunny grass, when from one of my day-dreams I was suddenly roused by voices, and found three persons close beside me.

"Mounted on sturdy Welsh ponies, two of these were a gentleman in the prime of life and a very young lady, apparently his daughter, attended by David Lloyd, one of the guides for the district, who knew me well. He led the bridle of the girl's pony with one hand, and grasped his alpenstock with the other. This group paused near me, and some conversation ensued. Lloyd had evidently mistaken the path and was loth to admit the fact, or to suggest that they should retrace their steps, and yet he knew enough of the mountains to be well aware that to advance would be to court danger. During the colloquy that ensued between him and his employer, a haughty and imperious-looking man, I was earnestly gazing in the half-averted face of the girl, who was watching an eagle in full flight.

"She was marvellously beautiful. Her features—save in profile—were perhaps far from correct, yet there was a divine delicacy, a charming purity of complexion, and brightness of expression over them all; and her minute face seemed to nestle amid the masses of her fair, rippling hair. She turned towards me, and her eyes met mine. They were dark violet blue, and shaded by brown lashes so long that they imparted much of softness to their dove-like expression, and she smiled, for no doubt the little maid saw that there was something of unequivocal admiration to be read in my ardent gaze; and so absorbed was I that, for a few seconds, I was not aware that the guide was addressing

me, and inquiring if I knew how far the path was traversable in this particular direction. Ere I could reply:

"How should this mere lad know, if *you* don't?" asked the male tourist, haughtily and sharply.

"Few here can know better, sir," replied Lloyd. "I have seen him climb where the eagles alone can go."

"Shall we proceed, then?" he asked of me, sharply.

"I think not, sir," said I; "Moel Hebog was covered with mist this morning, and——"

"But Moel Hebog is clear enough now," said David Lloyd with irritation—the mountain so named being deemed an unerring barometer, as regards the chances of mist upon its greater brethren—"so I think we may proceed," he added, touching his hat to his employer. "I don't require, sir, to be taught my trade by a mere lad, a gentleman tho' you be, Master Arkley."

"Arkley!" repeated the stranger, starting, and eyeing me keenly, and yet with a lowering expression of face.

"I warned them of the danger of farther progression, but the avaricious guide derided me; and I heard his em-

ployer, as they passed on, asking him some questions, amid which—but it might be fancy—I thought my own name occurred. I gazed after them with interest, and with much of anxiety, for their path was perilous, and the sweet, soft beauty of the girl had impressed me deeply; and, as she disappeared, with all her wealth of golden hair, the brightness seemed to have departed from the mountain side.

"What was the magic this creature, whom I had only seen for a few minutes, possessed for me? She was scarcely a



I WAS AROUSED BY VOICES.

woman, yet past childhood; and her features remained as distinctly impressed upon my memory as if they were before me still. Do not infer from this strange interest that 'love at first sight,' as the novels used to have it, was an ingredient of this emotion. No; it was something deeper—a subtle magnetism—something that I know not how to define or to express; and, with a repining sigh, I thought of my lonely life, and longed to go forth on the career that awaited me beyond those green mountains that were bounded by the sea.

"Had I ever seen that fair little face before, or dreamed of it, by night or by day, that already it seemed to haunt me so?"

"The little group had not disappeared above five minutes, when a sound like a cry was borne past me on the mountain breeze. I started up, my heart beating wildly, and, with undefined apprehension, hastened in the direction of the sound, while Wolf careered in front of me. There now came the sound of hoofs, and with bridle trailing, saddle reversed and nostrils distended, the pony on which I had so recently seen the young girl came tearing over the crest of the hill, and galloped madly past me towards Llyn Idwal.

"Quicker beat my heart, and my breath came thick and fast. Something dreadful had taken place! True to his instincts as ever was the faithful Gelert of the Welsh tradition, Wolf sped in haste to the edge of what I knew to be a frightful ravine. There the hoof-marks were fresh in

the turf, the edge of which was broken; the grass, too, was crushed and torn, as if something had fallen over it. The dog now paused, lifted up his nose, and howled ominously. I peered over; and far down below, on a ledge of green turf, but perilously overhanging a chasm in the mountain side, lay that which appeared at first to be a mere bundle of clothes, but which I knew to be the little maiden, dead—doubtlessly dead—and a wail of sorrow escaped me.

"Her father and the guide had disappeared.

"Partly sliding, partly descending as if by a natural ladder, finding footing and grasp where many might have found neither, mechanically, and as one in a dream, I reached her in about ten minutes; and, as I had a naturally boyish dread of facing death, with joy I saw her move, and then took her in my arms tenderly and caressingly, while she opened her eyes and sighed deeply, for the fall had stunned and shaken her severely. Otherwise she was, happily, uninjured; but I had reached her just in time, for if left to herself, she must have tottered and fallen into the terrible profundity below.

"Papa; oh, where is my papa? I was thrown suddenly from my pony—a bird scared it—and remembered no more; then a passion of tears and terror came over her, with the consciousness of the peril she had escaped and that which still menaced her, for to ascend was quite impracticable, and to descend seemed nearly equally so. Above us the mountain side seemed to rise like a wall; on the other hand, at the bottom of the

ravine, where the shadows of evening were dark and blue, though sunset still tipped Snowdon's peaks with fire, and clouds of crimson and gold were floating above us, I could see a rivulet, a tributary of the Ogwen, glittering like

a silver thread far down, perhaps a thousand feet below.

"Courage," said I, while for a time my heart died within me; "I shall soon conduct you to a place of safety."



PARTLY SLIDING, I REACHED HER.



"But papa—he will die of fright. Where is my papa?" she exclaimed piteously.

"Gone round some other way," I suggested. And subsequently this proved to be the case. Placing an arm round her for aid, we now began to descend, but slowly, the face of the hill, which was there so steep and shelved so abruptly, that to lose one step might have precipitated us to the bottom with a speed that would have insured destruction. From rock to rock, from bush to bush, and from cleft to cleft, I guided and often lifted her, sometimes with her eyes closed; and gazed the while with boyish rapture on the beautiful girl, as her head drooped upon my shoulder. She had lost her hat, and the unbound masses of her golden hair, blown by the wind, came in silken ripples across my face; and delight, mingled with alarm, bewildered me.

"Till that hour no sorrow could have affected a spirit so pure as hers; and certainly love could not have agitated it—she was so young. But when we drew nearer the base of the hill, and reached a place of perfect safety, the soft colour came back to her face, and the enchantment of her smile was as indescribable as the clear violet blue of her eye, which filled with wonder and terror as she gazed upward to the giddy verge from which she had partly fallen; and then a little shudder came over her.

"With a boy's ready ardour, I was already beginning to dream of being beloved by her, when excited voices came on the wind; and round an angle of the ravine into which we had descended came Lloyd, the guide, several peasants, and her father, who had partially witnessed our progress, and whose joy in finding her alive and well, when he might have found her dashed perhaps out of the very semblance of humanity, was too great for words. The poor man wept like a very woman as he embraced her again and again, and muttered in broken accents his gratitude to me, and praise of my courage. Suddenly he exclaimed to the guide:

"You said his name was—Arkley, I think?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lloyd.

"John Beverley Arkley, nephew of the curate at the foot of the mountain yonder?" he added, turning to me.

"The same, sir."

"Good heavens! I am your Uncle Beverley!" said he, colouring deeply, and taking my hand again in his. "The girl you have saved is your own cousin—my darling Eve. I owe you some reparation for past neglect, so come with me to the parsonage at once."

"Here was a discovery that quite took away my breath. So this dazzling little Hebe was my cousin! How fondly I cherished and thought over this mysterious tie of blood—near almost as a sister. It was very sweet to ponder over and to nurse the thoughts of affection, and all that yet might be.

"What a happy, happy night was that in the ancient parsonage! The good old Curate forgave Uncle Beverley all the shortcomings in the years that were past, and seemed never to weary of caressing the wonderful hair and the tiny hands of Evelyn Beverley, for such was her name, though familiarly known as Eve.

"It is quite a romance, this," said kind Uncle Arkley to his brother-in-law; "the young folks will be falling in love!"

Eve grew quite pale, and cast down her eyes; while I blushed furiously.

"Stuff!" said Uncle Beverley, somewhat sharply. "She has barely cut her primers and pinafores, and Jack has Sandhurst before him yet."

"He presented me with his gold repeater, and departed by the first convenient train, taking my newly-discovered relation with him. I had a warm invitation to visit them for a few weeks before entering at Sandhurst; and, to add to my joy and impatience, I found that Beverley Lodge was in Berkshire, and within a mile of the College: and so, but for the presence of the golden gift, and the memory of a kind and grateful kiss from a beautiful lip—a kiss that made every nerve thrill—I might have imagined that the whole adventure on the slopes of Carneydd Davydd was but a dream.

"Naturally avaricious, cold and hard in heart, Mr. Beverley had warmed to me for a time, but a time only; yet I revered and almost loved him. He was the only brother of my dead mother, whom I had never known. *She*—this golden-haired girl—was of her blood, and had her name; so my whole soul clung to her with an amount of youthful ardour such as I cannot portray to you—for I was always much of an enthusiast—and I was again



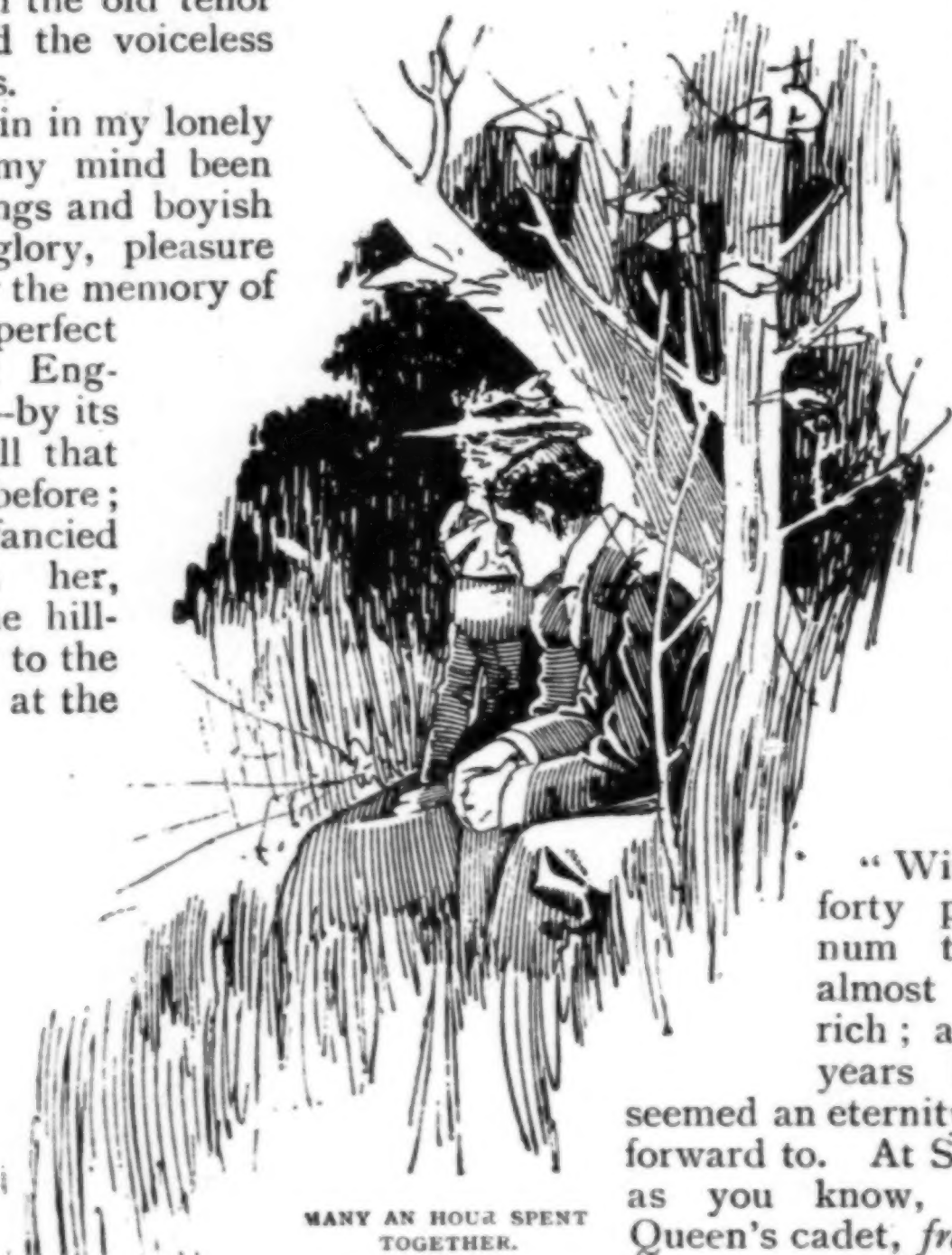
alone to indulge in the old tenor of my ways amid the voiceless mountain solitudes.

"Again and again in my lonely wanderings had my mind been full of vague longings and boyish aspirations after glory, pleasure and love : and now the memory of Eve's minute and perfect face—so pure and English in its beauty—by its reality filled up all that had been a blank before ; and I was ever in fancied communion with her, while lying on the hill-slopes and looking to the sea that sparkled at the far horizon, into the black ravine through which the mountain brooks went foaming to the rocky shores, or where our deep Welsh *llyn*s were gleaming in the sunshine like gold and tur-

quoise blue—amid the monotony of the silent woods ; and so the time passed on, and the day came when I was to start for Beverley Lodge, and thence to Sandhurst ; while love and ambition rendered me selfishly oblivious of poor old Uncle Morgan and the fervent wishes and blessings with which he followed my departing steps.

"A month's visit to Beverley Lodge, amid the fertility of Berkshire, many a ride and ramble in the Vale of the White Horse, many an hour spent by us together in the shady woods, the luxurious garden, in the beautiful conservatory, and in the deep leafy-lanes where we wandered at will, confirmed the love my cousin and I bore each other. A boy and a girl, it came easily about ; while many were our regrets and much was our marvelling that we had not known each other earlier.

"No two men make a declaration of love, perhaps, in precisely the same way, though it all comes to the same thing in the end ; but it might be interesting to know in what precise terms, and having so little choice, Father Adam declared



MANY AN HOUR SPENT  
TOGETHER.

his passion for Mother Eve, and in what fashion she responded.

"I know not now how my love for my little Eve was expressed ; but told it was, and I departed for college the happiest student there, every hour I could spare from study and drill being spent in or about Beverley Lodge.

"With an income of forty pounds per annum till gazetted I almost thought myself rich ; and I had three years before me—it seemed an eternity of joy—to look forward to. At Sandhurst I was, as you know, entered as a Queen's cadet, *free*, and a candidate for the infantry. I had

thus to master algebra, the three first books of Euclid, French, German and "Higher Fortification ;" but in the pages of Straith, amid the ravelins of Vauban and the casemates of Coehorn, I seemed to see only the name and the tender eyes of Eve. The daily drills, in which I was at first an enthusiast, became dull and prosaic, and hourly I made terrible mistakes, for Eve's voice was ever in my ear, and her delicate beauty haunted me ; for wondrously delicate it became, as consumption—which she fatally inherited from her mother—shed over it a medium that was alike soft and alluring.

"Since then I have met girls of all kinds everywhere. Though only a sub, I have been dressed for, played for, sung for ; but never have I had the delight of those remembered days that were passed with Eve Beverley in our dream of cousinly love ; however, a rude waking was at hand.

"When she was eighteen, and I a year older, she told me one day that her father had been insisting upon her marrying an old friend of his, a retired Sudder Judge,



who had proposed in form; but she had laughed at the idea.

"Absurd! It is so funny of papa to have a husband ready cut and dried for me; is it not, Jack?" said she.

"I did not think so; but my heart beat painfully as I leaned caressingly over her, and played with her beautiful hair.

"I don't thank him for selecting a husband for me, Jack, dear," she continued, pouting; 'do you?'

"Certainly not, Eve."

"But I must prepare my mind for the awful event," said she, looking up at me with a bright, waggish smile.

"The time was fast approaching, however, when neither of us could see any thing 'funny' in the prospect; for 'the awful event' became alarmingly palpable, when one day she met me with tears, and threw herself on my breast, saying:

"Save me, dearest Jack—save me!"

"From whom?"

"Papa and his odious old Sudder Judge, Jack, love. You know that I must marry you, and you only!"

"The devil he does!" said a voice sharply; and there, grim as Ajax, stood Uncle Beverley, with hands clenched and brows knit. 'My sister married his father, a beggar, with only his pay; and now, minx, you dare to love their son, by heavens, with *no* pay at all! Leave this house, sir—begone instantly!' he added, furiously, to me. 'I would rather that she had broken her neck on the mountains than treated me to a scene like this.'

"The gates of Beverley Lodge closed behind me, and our dream was over.

"Half my life seemed to have left me. After three years of such delightful intercourse I could not adopt the conviction that I should never see her again; and in a very unenviable state of mind I entered the college, where you may remember meeting me under the Doric portico, and saying:

"What's up, Jack? But let me congratulate you."

"On what?" I asked sulkily.

"Your appointment to the Buffs. The *Gazette* has just come from town. They are stationed at Jubbulpore."

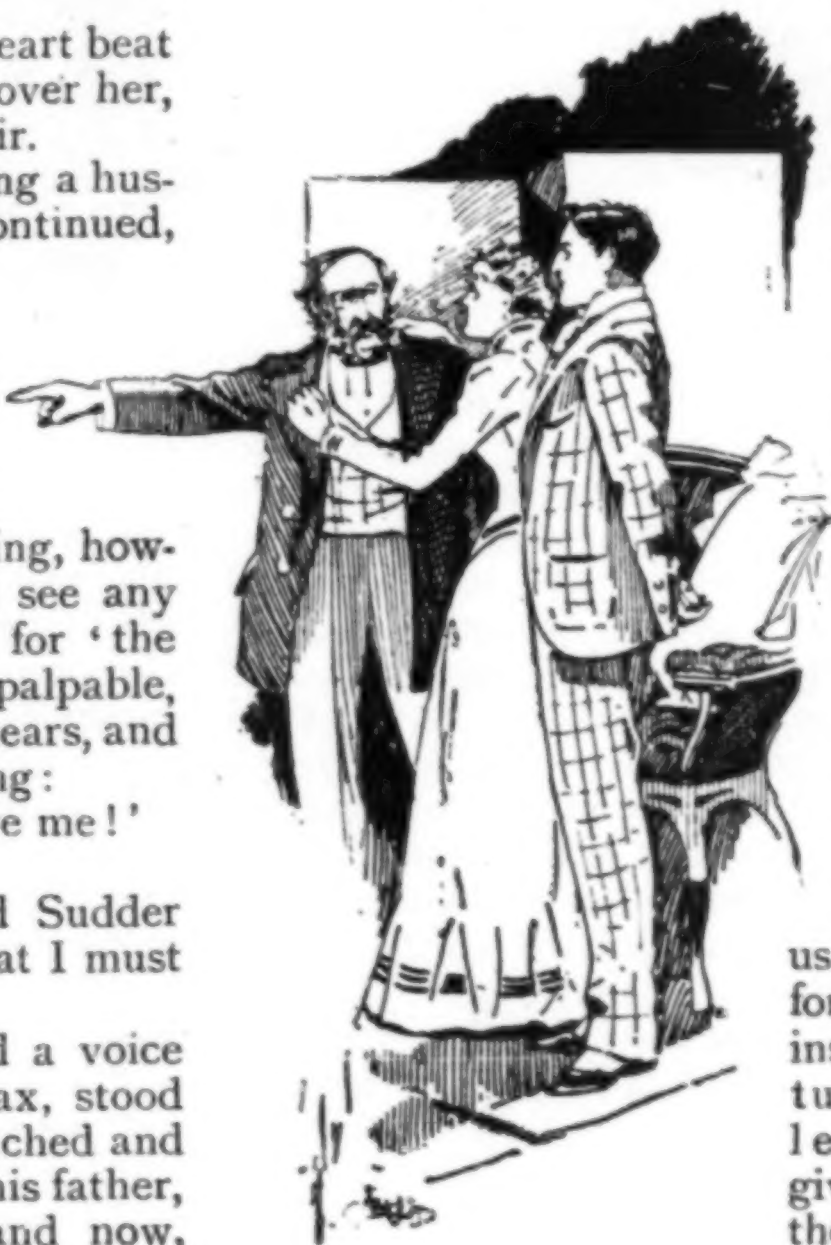
"And so it proved that the very day I lost her, saw me in the service, with India, and a far and final separation before us. Necessity compelled

us to prepare for an almost instant departure; short leave was given me by the adjutant-general, and I had to join the

Candahar transport, going with drafts from Chatham for the East, on a certain day.

"Rumours reached me of Eve being seriously ill. She was secluded from me, and there was every chance that I should see her no more. A letter came from her imploring me to meet her for the last time at a spot known to us both—a green lane that led to a churchyard stile—the scene of many a tender tryst and blissful hour, as it was a place where overhanging trees, with the golden apple, the purple damson and the plum, formed a very bower, and where few or none ever came, save on Sunday; and there we met for the last time!

"There once again her head lay on my shoulder, my circling arm was round her, and her hot, tremulous hand was clasped in mine. I was shocked by the change I perceived in her. Painful was her pallor to look upon; there were circles dark as her lashes under her sad, melancholy



"LEAVE THIS HOUSE, SIR."



eyes; her nostrils and lips were unnaturally pink; she had a short, dry cough; and blood appeared more than once upon her handkerchief.

"Consumption on one hand, and parental tyranny on the other, were fast doing their fatal work.

"Her father was pitiless and inexorable — wonderfully, infamously so, as he was so rich that mere money was no object, and as she was his only child, and one so tender and so fragile. His studied system of deliberate "worry" had wrung a consent from her; she was to marry the old Judge; and in more ways than one I felt that too surely I was losing her for ever. She could not go out with me. I felt desperate, and in silence folded her again and again to my breast. At last the ting-tong of the old church clock announced the hour when we must part, never to meet again, and the fatal sound struck us like a shock of electricity.

"'Jack, my dearest—my dearest,' she whispered wildly; 'I don't think I shall live very long now. I may—nay, I must die very soon; but the spirit is imperishable, and I shall always be with you, wherever you may be, wherever you may go, hovering near you, I hope, like a guardian angel.'

"Her words struck me as strange and wild; I did not attach much importance to them then, but they have had a strange and terrible significance since.

"'Would you welcome me?' she asked, with a mournful smile.

"'Dead or living shall I welcome you!' I replied, with mournful ardour.

"'Then kiss me once again, dear Jack; and now we part—in this world, at least!'

"Another wild, passionate embrace, and all was over. In a few minutes later I was galloping far from the villa to reach the railway. I saw her beloved face no more; but voice and face, eye and kiss, were all with me still. Would a time ever come when I might forget them?

"Adverse winds detained us long in the Channel, but we cleared it at last; and the last *Times* that came on board announced the marriage of this unhappy girl.

"Six months subsequently found me in cantonments at Neemuch, with a small detachment of ours, and in hourly expectation of the mutiny which had broken out at Meerut and Delhi with such horrors, being imitated there, though we

had sworn the Sepoys to be "true to their salt," the Mahome-



LIKE A  
GLORIFIED  
SPIRIT.

tans on the Koran, the Hindoos on the waters of the Ganges, and the other dark-

ies on whatever was most sacred to them; and if they revolted, all Europeans were to seek instant shelter in the fort.

"It was the night of the 3rd of June—one of the loveliest I ever saw in India—the moonlight was radiant as mid-day and not a cloud was visible throughout the blue expanse of heaven. I was lying in my bungalow, with sword and revolver beside me, as we could not count upon the events of an hour, for all Hindostan seemed to be going to chaos in blood and outrage.

"The cantonment ghurries had clanged midnight; my eyes were closing heavily; and when just about to sleep I thought that my name was uttered by someone near me, very softly, very tenderly, and with an accent that thrilled my heart's core. Starting, I looked up, and there—oh my God!—there, in the slanting light of the moon, like a glorified spirit, with a brightness all about her, was the figure of Eve Beverley, bending over me, with all her golden hair unbound, and a garment like a shroud or robe about her.

"Entranced, enchained by love as much as by mortal terror, I could not move or speak, while nearer she bent to kiss my brow; but I felt not the pressure of her lips, though reading in her starry, violet eyes a divine intensity of expression—a mournful, unspeakable tenderness, when, pointing in the direction of the fort, she disappeared.

"'It is a dread—a dreadful dream!'



said I, starting to my feet, preternaturally awake, to hear the sound of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the yells of 'Deen! Deen!' and the shrieks of those who were perishing; for the mutineers had risen, and the 1st Cavalry, the 72nd Native Infantry, and Walker's artillery, had commenced the work of massacre. I rushed forth, and at the moment I left my bungalow on one side it was set in flames and fired through from the other. I fled to the fort, which, thanks to my dream—for such I supposed it to be—I reached in safety, while many perished, for all the station was sheeted now with flame.

"Once again I had that dream, so wild and strange, when a deadly peril threatened me. I was hiding in the jungle, alone and in great misery, near Jehazghur, a fugitive. The time was noon, and I had dropped asleep under the deep, cool shadow of a thicket, when that weird vision of Eve came before me, soft and sad, tender and intense, with her loving eyes and flowing hair, as, with hands outstretched, she beckoned me to follow her. A cry escaped me, and I awoke.

"'Was my Eve indeed dead?' I asked of myself; 'and was it her intellectual spirit, her pure essence, that imperishable something engendered in us all from a higher source that followed me as a guardian angel?' I remembered her parting words. The idea suggested was sadly sweet and terrible; and so, a sense of her perpetual presence as a *spirit-wife* hovering at all times about me, controlling all my actions, rendered me unfit for society, till at Calcutta, a crisis was put to all this.

"With some of the 72nd, and other Europeans who had escaped from Nee-much, or had 'distinguished themselves,' as the 'Hurkaru' had it, I once went to be photographed at the famous studio near the corner of the Strand. I sat in succession, alone and in a group, after being posed in the usual fashion, with an iron hoop at the

nape of my neck. On examining the first negative, an expression of perplexity and astonishment came over the face of the artist.

"'Strange sir,' said he, 'most unaccountable!'

"'What is strange—what is unaccountable?' asked several.

"'Another figure that is *not* in the room appears at Captain Arkley's back—a woman, by Jove!' he replied, placing the glass over a piece of black velvet; and there—there—oh, there could be no doubt of it—was faintly indicated the outline of one whose face and form had been but too vividly impressed on my heart and brain, bending sorrowfully over me, with her soft, bright eyes and wealth of long bright hair.

"From my hand the glass fell on the floor, and was shivered to atoms. A similar figure, hovering near me, was visible among the picture group of officers, but faded out. I refused to sit again, and quitted the studio in utter confusion, and with nerves dreadfully shaken, though my comrades averred that a trick had been played upon me. If so, how was the figure that of my dream—that of my lost love—who, a letter soon after informed me, had burst a blood-vessel and expired on *the night of the 3rd of June*, with my name on her lips!"

Such was the story of Jack Arkley. Whether it was false or true, in this age of spiritualism, and many other *isms*, of mediums with the world unseen, and in which Enemoser has ventilated his theory of polarity, I pretend not to say, and leave others to determine. He became a moody monomaniac. I rejoined my regiment, and from that time never saw my old chum again. The last that I heard of him was that he had quitted the service, and died a Passionist Father in one of the many new monastic institutions that exist in the great metropolis.



"A PASSIONIST FATHER."

# Famous Women.

## NOVELISTS.

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD  
(JOHN STRANGE WINTER).

**O**F all the branches of the journalistic profession, perhaps that known as "interviewing" is the most agreeable, for it brings one in close contact with those who have made name and fame, and whose lives have, therefore, become matters of public interest.

By this means opportunities frequently offer themselves of forming valuable and life-long friendships; though, on the other hand, the interviewer must be endowed with an average amount of the three T's—Talent, Tact and Temper—or she will stand an excellent chance of making a speedy appearance in the Courts of Justice in a libel action brought against her paper by some irate celebrity, upon whose sensitive toes she has unwittingly trampled, and whose *amour propre* has been less delicately handled than the circumstances of the case required.

I must freely confess that my first effort in this direction was undertaken with a trepidation that almost amounted to cowardice. When I stood on the threshold of a lady well known in the fashionable world, an insane desire seized me to make some trivial excuse to the gorgeous footman, who was regarding me with a lofty scorn more easily realised than described, and to offer the driver of a passing hansom double fare to get me out of the neighbourhood with the smallest delay possible. However, by a supreme effort of mind over matter, I managed to make the lordly menial understand that his mistress was expecting me; so, with a look of condescension which would have been worth £10,000 a-year to a dignitary of the Church, he deigned to usher me into the presence of his mistress, who was, without exception, one of the simplest, most charming and unaffected women it has ever been my lot to encounter.

It was with sentiments of a very

different character that I found myself one morning lately at Waterloo, en route for Merton, in response to the cordial invitation of the popular lady whose portrait graces this article, and whose name is a household word in every English-speaking country in the world. Henrietta Eliza Vaughan Palmer, now Mrs. Arthur Stannard, is the only daughter of the late Reverend Henry Vaughan Palmer, Rector of St. Margaret's, York, who, previous to taking holy orders, was an officer in the Royal Artillery. This fact, and three previous generations having also belonged to the Army, as well as her association with the garrison town of York, very naturally accounts for the bias towards a military life shown in her writings. A story contributed gratuitously to a York newspaper, when she was about eighteen, was her first public appearance in print; and elated by this success, she decided to adopt a literary career, and, without further delay, proceeded, as a preliminary step, to make a careful study of some of the finest English prose writers of the present century, including such masters of their craft as Ruskin, Thackeray, Kingsley, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade and Whyte Melville.

During the next eight years stories were written for *London Society*, *The Family Herald* and other magazines, under the pseudonym of Violet White. Many of those which were connected with the army were afterwards incorporated in "Cavalry Life," which, by the desire of the publisher, was issued under the masculine *nom de plume* of John Strange Winter—the name of one of the characters—as it was suggested that the avowal of feminine authorship might prejudice the sale of such a work.

In 1884, Miss Palmer became the wife of Mr. Arthur Stannard, a civil engineer, who, at one period, served under General Gordon. This has proved an ideal union, and one has only to see them together to feel sure that their lives form a direct



contradiction to that ridiculous question English people are so fond of asking, "Is marriage a failure?"

Mrs. Stannard's present position in the literary world is sufficient proof of her talent as a novelist; but she would be the first to acknowledge that her success is to be attributed in a large measure to the business faculties, and the co-operation and assistance she has received from her husband, who spends so large a portion of his time in relieving her of all the irksome commercial details associated with her work. As an instance of her administrative powers,

and the broad grasp she takes of the mundane affairs of life, may be mentioned the establishment of 'The Writers' Club, for women journalists and others engaged in literary work. Mrs. Stannard, as the first president, had a difficult role to play, for members of the fair sex have occasionally been known "not to dwell in love and unity together;" but thanks to her earnest co-operation with the committee for the mutual benefit of those who enjoy the advantages of the club, not to mention the tact she has shown, and the kindly encouragement and help she has ever been ready to give to the younger and more struggling members of her flock, it has become a bright and shining example to other institutions of a similar nature, and a priceless boon to



From a Photo. by]

MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD.

[Vernon Kaye.

a number of hard-working women, not too largely endowed with the money which is erroneously supposed to be the root of all evil.

As a popular hostess, John Strange Winter has few equals, but never for a moment does she allow motherhood to hold a subservient position to social life. Her three bonnie children are evidently her first thought and consideration, and entirely on their account, and at considerable inconvenience to herself, she elects to live far from the madding crowd, in quiet little Merton, rather than

subject them, during their earlier years, to the disadvantages of a London atmosphere.

Spring House, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stannard, is a quaint mansion of the Stuart Period, and was formerly the residence of Lord Nelson. This historically interesting building is covered with ivy and flowering creepers, and stands in



SPRING HOUSE, MERTON (FRONT VIEW)



SPRING HOUSE (VIEW FROM THE GARDEN).

prettily laid out grounds, suggestive of garden parties and other festivities later in the season. There is a charm about these old-time dwellings, with their oak-panelled rooms, deeply-recessed windows, and ample fireplaces, which the modern house lacks, and they lend themselves to charming schemes of decoration, which would be altogether inappropriate in the jerry-built nineteenth century erections, dear to the heart of the average British architect.

The furniture at Spring House is eclectic in character, rather than belonging to any particular period. Dutch marqueterie cabinets, Chippendale chairs, Sheraton tables and black oak of an earlier date still, are combined with more recent examples of the upholsterer's art. The drawing-room is a delightful apartment, looking on to the garden, with deep window seats and downy lounges inviting repose; the oaken walls are lined with family portraits and curiosities, all of which have a history, and above the fireplace is a quaint overmantel composed of ancient blue and white Dutch tiles, representing various Biblical subjects. A very curious and valuable specimen of pyrography, or burned woodwork, is a portrait of an ancestor of Mrs. Stannard's, who died at the advanced age of one hundred and two. Both here and in the

dining-room, may be seen a fine collection of Delft and Blue Nankin pottery; for John Strange Winter, among her numerous avocations, is an enthusiastic china collector.

I also noticed in the dining-room a fine piece of painting on canvas, which, except on very close inspection or touch, appears to be old tapestry. It is the work of a Madame Alice Danyell, of Florence. She discovered the secret of producing this

effect some years ago, almost by accident, and has produced a number of these tapestry paintings since, which have been largely purchased by the public.

To the right of the drawing-room is the library, where all business and correspondence in connection with her literary work is carried on by Mr. Stannard; and in the front of the house, leading out of the dining-room, is Mrs. Stannard's own particular sanctum, a pretty and homely room, reflecting many of the tastes and aspirations of the owner.

Those readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY who have spent many pleasant hours in perusing the works of this up-to-date novelist, will, I am sure, feel special interest in these sketches, which were specially taken for this magazine.

A large and roomy writing-table, with countless drawers, stands at a convenient angle between the windows. A Persian carpet forms a good background to the Chippendale furniture, covered with crimson Utrecht velvet, and in the corner is a cabinet filled with old Worcester china. It also holds one of Mrs. Stannard's most treasured possessions, the withered remains of a bouquet presented to her on her birthday by Mr. Ruskin, at whose house she was visiting when this anniversary occurred. One of the fireplace recesses is filled with shelves, on which





MRS. STANNARD'S WORK ROOM.

rest the many volumes, bound in red morocco, which bear the well-known signature of John Strange Winter. Some cleverly executed sketches by Bernard Partridge of "Bootles' Children," form pleasing reminiscences of one of her most popular books, which appeared first in serial form in the *Lady's Pictorial*. Besides these, there are numerous photographs of celebrities who are personal friends of the authoress, and various trifles to the outside world, but which, by the associations they recall, have a special value for the possessor.

Mrs. Stannard devotes the morning to her literary pursuits and accomplishes a large amount of work by aid of a stenographer, who takes down the sentences in shorthand and afterwards makes a fair copy by means of a typewriter. Without some method of this kind it would be impossible for one person to get through the required amount of copy each week. For not only is *Winter's Weekly* (Mrs. Stannard's paper) largely contributed to by the Editor, but there are constant demands from publishers for fresh novels, and applications from various newspapers for articles from her pen.

The first popular novel was "Bootles' Baby," which was written before, but published after, her marriage, in the *Graphic*. This book has been dramatised with great success, and has also been translated into French and German: yet no less than six short-

sighted publishers refused it before Mr. Locker, then editor of the *Graphic*, appreciating its charm and delicacy of style, promptly transferred it to the pages of that periodical. A delightful story, "Beautiful Jim," has been, perhaps, the greatest financial success, and critical readers award a very high place to "A Soldier's Children," on the fly-leaf of which is inscribed:—"To my three children, Beaufil, Bootles and Betty, I, with much love, dedicate this story, which will, in after years, somewhat remind them of their own childhood."

The entire proceeds of this volume have been

generously presented by the writer to the Victoria Hospital for Children. Besides the works already referred to, "Houp-la," "In Quarters," "On March," "Army Society," "Mignon's Husband," and "Bootles' Children," John Strange Winter has written a number of other books, of which there are over a million copies in circulation in England and the Colonies, irrespective of foreign translations and an immense American sale.

There is a breezy freshness about Mrs. Stannard's writing which appeals to young and old alike. They are redolent of her own personality, which is interesting, straightforward and honest to a marked degree. Her characters are boldly portrayed, the plots are carefully thought out, and the stories possess a charm and subtlety which at once places the writer in the front rank of the British novelists of the nineteenth century.

#### MISS BETHAM EDWARDS.

Matilda Barbara Betham Edwards, the popular author of "The White House by the Sea," "The Romance of a French Parsonage," "John and I," "Dr. Jacob," "Kitty," "The Sylvestres," and other charming novels, besides works of a somewhat deeper character, was born in the beautiful old Elizabethan manor house of Westerfield, Suffolk. Her literary talent is certainly hereditary on the mother's side, as she comes from a long line



From a Photo. by]

MISS BETHAM EDWARDS.

[Barraud.

of Bethams, who have distinguished themselves in the world of letters. Her father, of whom Miss Betham Edwards speaks with the most loving reverence and affection, himself possessed a ready wit and humour, which has descended to his clever daughter, and forms no small part of her equipment as a successful writer of fiction. She is also a cousin of the late Miss Amelia Blandford Edwards, the well-known novelist, lecturer and Egyptologist.

While in her girlhood, she wrote her first published story, "The White House by the Sea," which met with the success it merited, and has recently been republished. "John and I" gives us some graphic pictures of German life, and "Dr. Jacob" is founded on facts which have come within the personal knowledge of the writer. "Kitty" has also been very popular, and resulted in an offer being made to Miss Betham Edwards from Messrs. Moody and Sankey for a story on similar lines, but written upon a strictly evangelical basis, for their religious magazine. This proposal, after due consideration, was firmly, but courteously declined.

A most important work of Miss Betham Edwards was recently published simul-

taneously in England, America, Germany, Canada, France and Australia, and is entitled, "A Survey of France; Rural, Social and Economic, from Personal Observation, One Hundred Years after the Revolution."

This cultured woman has made her home on the Sunny South Coast, and when not engaged in literary pursuits, devotes a considerable portion of her time to music. She is of medium height, slender in build, with hazel eyes and thick, dark hair, slightly tinged with grey. Her entire life has been devoted to her work. In odd moments she has acquired sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to read Tacitus and Plato in the originals, and speaks fluently French, German, Spanish and Italian, as she considers a complete mastery of modern languages absolutely necessary to one who takes up literature as a serious calling.

#### MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Arnold, M.A., second son of the famous Dr. Arnold, of Rugby; and was born at Hobart, in Tasmania, in 1851. She came to England when only five years of age, and resided at Birmingham, then at Dublin, and afterwards at Oxford.

In 1872 she married Thomas Humphry



From a Photo. by]

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

[Barraud.



Ward, Esq., Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford, who afterwards occupied the important position of art critic and leader writer to the *Times*, and is well known as the Editor of "The English Poets," "The Reign of Queen Victoria," and other books.

By descent and marriage her literary tastes were stimulated in a remarkable degree, and coming from such a stock, it would have been strange, indeed, if she had not shown considerable talent in this direction. During the earlier years of her married life, Mrs. Ward remained in Oxford, studied hard, and contributed, from time to time, to many of the magazines and reviews. She also assisted in compiling Smith & Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography," a valuable work of reference, published by John Murray in 1880 and the following years. In 1881 Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward left Oxford, and came to reside in London; and soon after appeared her first essay in fiction, a bright little story for children, called, "Milly and Olly." A year or two later it was followed by a more elaborate venture, entitled, "Miss Bretherton;" a novel forming a deep study of the dramatic art, which is already in its third edition. Her great success, "Robert Elsmere," was commenced in 1885, and took two and a half years to complete. This work has been freely discussed and widely read, touching, as it does, upon many important points in the Christian faith. Mrs. Humphry Ward's last book, "David Grieve," has also attracted considerable attention, and though, as an analysis of character, it may be considered one of the finest works of fiction of the Victorian Era, its popularity hardly equals that of "Robert Elsmere."

The gifted lady to whom we owe these remarkable books is a great reader, and



From a Photo. by] MRS. L. E. WALFORD. [Barraud.

is particularly interested in German Historical criticism, and such fiction as that of Tolstoi, and similar authors. She is the mother of a fast-growing-up family, and a well-known figure in London society.

#### MRS. WALFORD

is a Scotswoman, a native of the little seaport of Portobello, near Edinburgh, and a granddaughter of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart. Not till four years after her marriage with Mr. Alfred Saunders Walford (which event took place in

1869) did this talented lady seriously contemplate publishing her work, but being confined to the house for three or four years by delicate health, during this period she wrote a novel, "Mr. Smith: A Part of his Life," which was sent anonymously to Mr. John Blackwood, who published it shortly after. Owing to its popularity, the writer was invited to contribute to *Blackwood*, which resulted in a series of sketches and stories by Mrs. Walford in that magazine. "The Baby's Grandmother," published in 1885, was followed by "A Stiff-Necked Generation." In 1881, a story of Scottish Life, called "Dick Netherby," ran through *Good Words*, and "Dinah's Son" appeared the same year in *Life and Work*. "The History of a Week" formed the Christmas Number of the *Graphic* in 1885; and in 1890, "The Mischief of Monica" was *Longmans'* serial for the year. Besides this, two other books, especially dedicated to girls, should be mentioned: "A Sage of Sixteen" and "A Pinch of Experience," both admirable in style, but as delineations of character hardly up to the high level of Mrs. Walford's other novels. Her dialogue is crisp, dramatic and full of point, and she possesses a keen sense of the ludicrous — a characteristic which

she introduces into her writings with excellent effect.

Mrs. Walford also undertakes a fair amount of journalistic work. Once a fortnight, as London Correspondent to the *New York Critic*, an article of hers is to be found in its columns; and various English and American magazines publish welcome contributions from her facile pen.

Mrs. Walford enjoys the advantage of a country home, where she can write free from the many interruptions attendant on a residence in the mighty Metropolis, and is surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature and art. This, to a certain extent, has influenced her work, and accounts for the buoyancy and vitality which she has the power of infusing into her most insignificant creations.

Those who know Mrs. Walford appreciate her kindliness of character and absence of affectation. In appearance she is a charming and attractive woman, with grey eyes, a bright smile, and is absolutely free from any outward and visible signs of the blue-stocking.

#### MISS RHODA BROUGHTON.

This popular novelist was born on the 29th of November, 1840, at Segrwyd Hall, Denbighshire, the home of her maternal grandfather. Her education was mainly conducted by her father, a clergyman (who held a family living in Cheshire), a man of refined sympathies and wide attainments. Under his guidance, she was instructed in Shakespeare and the English classics, and the rudiments of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Her acquaintance with humanity, and her knowledge of the virtues, weaknesses and foibles of the two sexes appear to have been picked up from various sources, but with a perspicacity and thoroughness which at once render her characters life-like and attractive personalities.

The perusal of Miss Thackeray's "Story

of Elizabeth," when she was twenty-two, was the incentive which induced her to write stories on her own account. After one or two futile efforts, "Not Wisely but Too Well" was accepted by Joseph Sheridan le Fanu (her uncle) for the *Dublin University Magazine*, and, by his influence, Mr. Bentley promised Miss Broughton to bring out her book in three-volume form. This was succeeded by "Cometh up as a Flower," a book that was well received and favourably criticised in the *Times*. Since then, we have had from Miss Broughton's pen, "Red as a Rose is She," published in 1869, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," in 1871 (both these stories appeared first in *Temple Bar Magazine*), "Nancy," in 1873.

"Twilight Stories," "Second Thoughts," "Joan," "Belinda," founded on the life of the present Lady Dilke, "Dr. Cupid," etc. etc. Miss Broughton possesses a humorous disposition, which conspicuously appears in her books. Her heroines are of the piquant, racy kind, and are quite unlike the conventional young ladies one finds in the ordinary novels of the day. Her brilliant vivacity of style has done much to secure for her books the great popularity which they enjoy, and she is unquestionably one of



From a Photo. by]

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON.

[Barraud.

the most widely-read of English authoresses.

Miss Broughton has resided for many years in a quaint, old-fashioned house at Oxford, with a delightfully secluded garden, filled with roses. This is her favourite resort, and where, surrounded by her dogs, she spends a considerable portion of her time in summer, engaged in reading and study. Miss Broughton is accustomed to writing in the early morning, but never forces her work, and sometimes intervals of two or three years elapse between the appearance of her books, and by following this wise plan, she is never induced to offer hurried or inartistic work to the public, with the happy result that her works are always appreciated.



## MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Those who are now in middle life look back with pleasure to the many happy hours spent in their girlhood over the charming conceptions and healthy, natural stories which owed their existence to Miss C. M. Yonge. Such novels as "The Daisy Chain," "The Trial," "The Heir of Redclyffe," and similar books, were a new departure in youthful literature, and as such found a ready sale and numerous readers. The plots were carefully constructed, and the style was above reproach, and mainly consisted of simple histories of family life, which appealed to all classes of the community.

Miss Yonge, writing of this period of her life, specially dwells upon the loving encouragement she received in these early efforts from members of her own family, and appears to have been somewhat surprised at the enthusiasm of the public over "The Heir of Redclyffe," which had an immense sale.

This versatile lady has for some years edited *The Monthly Packet*, a high-class magazine; and though her literary career is of forty years standing, from time to time she still issues novels which are, in all respects, finished works of art, and models to those who are less experienced, but quite as desirous of excelling as herself.

Our photograph illustrating these remarks shows Miss Yonge at the present day.



From a Photo. by]

MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE.

## MRS. REEVES (MISS HELEN MATHERS.)

Helen Buckingham Mathers, now Mrs. Reeves, was born at Misterton, near Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, on the 26th of August, 1852. "Comin' thro' the Rye," one of her best known books, is founded on the experiences of her own early life, and that of her numerous brothers and sisters, for she was the fifth of a family of twelve children. To this fact alone we owe many of the pleasant situations which are such amusing features of her stories.

Like others who have made a name for themselves in literature, she began to write at an early age, and there is still in existence an old pocket-book which contains a story she conceived when only nine years old. Mrs. Reeves, moreover, by her early success has been saved many of

the hopes and fears and ambitions and despondencies which so often fall to the lot of those who seek to make an income by the pen; and her assured position as the wife of the eminent surgeon, Mr. H. A. Reeves (to whom she was married in 1876), has enabled her to devote time and attention to books of artistic merit, rather than in frittering away her talents in vain efforts to keep the domestic



From a Photo. by]

MRS. REEVES.

[Barrand.

pot at the highest possible temperature. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves have one child, a boy, to whom his mother especially is devotedly attached. Her home, husband and child have for her greater attractions even than literary composi-

tion, and though frequently seen at the various functions indispensable to "Vanity Fair," she is scarcely a "Society Woman" in the strict acceptance of the term, as her social duties are performed from necessity rather than choice.

At her house in Grosvenor Street one meets all the cleverest and best men and women of the day. She is a bright and capable hostess and a good conversationalist. Her rooms are artistically furnished, and filled with flowers: roses, whenever in season, which Mr. Reeves prefers to all others. She has also an oak panelled room, which looks as if it had been transferred bodily from some country house. The carved doors and oak chairs are also exceedingly beautiful.

Among Mrs. Reeves's best known works are "Cherry Ripe," "The Land o' the Leal," "My Lady Green Sleeves," "The Story of a Sin," "Eyre's Acquittal," and "Sam's Sweetheart."

She has never written anonymously, nor engaged in journalistic work: that very common apprenticeship to the art of the novelist. She composes rapidly, writes cleverly of children and young people, and is especially happy in her delineation of passionate love, which she describes with that delicacy and gentleness of touch, which is to be expected from a woman with so true and sympathetic a nature.

#### MRS. LYNN LINTON.

From Mrs. Lynn Linton's earliest years her great ambition has been to become "an author," and for this end she has worked with unswerving energy and perseverance till she has attained for herself a high position in the world of letters, and one of which she is justly proud.

Her girlhood was spent at Keswick, afterwards at Gads Hill; which eventually became the home of Charles Dickens, another remarkable instance of one who



From a Photo. by]

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

[Barrand.

determined to overcome all obstacles on the stony paths of literature. Here she studied languages, so as to become thoroughly acquainted with the works of other nations, which she desired to read in the originals, and acquired a fair knowledge while in her teens of French, German, Italian, Spanish and Hebrew. When about eighteen, she sent a poem to Mr. Ainsworth, editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, for which she received two guineas. This encouraged her to commence a more ambitious composition, a novel entitled, "Azeth the Egyptian," which was published at Miss Lynn's own expense — a risky

course for any young authoress to pursue, but one which was justified by its success. When twenty-three years of age, she fulfilled one of her greatest desires, and took up her residence in London, at one of the many boarding-houses in the neighbourhood of the British Museum which have sheltered budding talent. Her knowledge of Greek literature induced her to write "Amymone," a book which received the highest commendation from the critics. After this followed a long-spell of press work. At the age of twenty-five, Miss Lynn wrote three Leaders a week for the *Morning Chronicle*, and suggested the "Remarkable Women Series" in the *Saturday Review*. About this period she married Mr. Linton, the distinguished art engraver and writer, and a man of great intellectual strength. Of late years Mrs. Lynn Linton has principally devoted herself to articles for the various magazines and reviews, of which "The Girl of the Period" and "Wild Women" may be taken as fair examples. Her style is terse, lucid and concise, and in business matters she is punctuality itself.

Mrs. Lynn Linton does most of her literary work early in the day, and has made her home in the block of buildings, known as Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, where she receives a large and valued circle of friends.

F. M. G.



# *The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.*

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "*Lady Lovelace*," &c. &c.

## THE REDHILL SISTERHOOD.

"**T**HEY want you at Redhill, now," said Mr. Dyer, taking a packet of papers from one of his pigeon-holes. "The idea seems gaining ground in many quarters that in cases of mere suspicion, women detectives are more satisfactory than men, for they are less likely to attract attention. And this Redhill affair, so far as I can make out, is one of suspicion only."

It was a dreary November morning; every gas jet in the Lynch Court office was alight, and a yellow curtain of outside fog draped its narrow windows.

"Nevertheless, I suppose one can't afford to leave it uninvestigated at this season of the year, with country-house robberies beginning in so many quarters," said Miss Brooke.

"No; and the circumstances in this case certainly seem to point in the direction of the country-house burglar. Two days ago a somewhat curious application was made privately, by a man giving the name of John Murray, to Inspector Gunning, of the Reigate police—Redhill, I must tell you, is in the Reigate police district. Murray stated that he had been a greengrocer somewhere in South London, had sold his business there, and had, with the proceeds of the sale, bought two small houses in Redhill, intending to let the one and live in the other. These houses are situated in a blind alley, known as Paved Court, a narrow turning leading off the London and Brighton coach road. Paved Court has been known to the sanitary authorities for the past ten years as a regular fever nest, and as the houses which Murray bought—numbers 7 and 8—stand at the very end of the blind alley,

with no chance of thorough ventilation, I dare say the man got them for next to nothing. He told the Inspector that he had had great difficulty in procuring a tenant for the house he wished to let, number 8, and that consequently when, about three weeks back, a lady, dressed as a nun, made him an offer for it, he immediately closed with her. The lady gave her name simply as 'Sister Monica,' and stated that she was a member of an undenominational Sisterhood that had recently been founded by a wealthy lady, who wished her name kept a secret. Sister Monica gave no references, but, instead, paid a quarter's rent in advance, saying that she wished to take possession of the house immediately, and open it as a home for crippled orphans."

"Gave no references—home for cripples," murmured Loveday, scribbling hard and fast in her note-book.

"Murray made no objection to this," continued Mr. Dyer, "and, accordingly, the next day, Sister Monica, accompanied by three other Sisters and some sickly children, took possession of the house, which they furnished with the barest possible necessities from cheap shops in the neighbourhood. For a time, Murray said, he thought he had secured most desirable tenants, but during the last ten days suspicions as to their real character have entered his mind, and these suspicions he thought it his duty to communicate to the police. Among their possessions, it seems, these Sisters number an old donkey and a tiny cart, and this they start daily on a sort of begging tour through the adjoining villages, bringing back every evening a perfect hoard of broken victuals

and bundles of old garments. Now comes the extraordinary fact on which Murray bases his suspicions. He says, and Gunning verifies his statement, that in whatever direction those Sisters turn the wheels of their donkey-cart, burglaries, or attempts at burglaries, are sure to follow. A week ago they went along towards Horley, where, at an outlying house, they received much kindness from a wealthy gentleman. That very night an attempt was made to break into that gentleman's house—an attempt, however, that was happily frustrated by the barking of the house-dog. And so on in other instances that I need not go into. Murray suggests that it might be as well to have the daily movements of these sisters closely watched, and that extra vigilance should be exercised by the police in the districts that have had the honour of a morning call from them. Gunning coincides with this idea, and so has sent to me to secure your services."

Loveday closed her note-book. "I suppose Gunning will meet me somewhere and tell me where I'm to take up my quarters?" she said.

"Yes; he will get into your carriage at Merstham—the station before Redhill—if you will put your hand out of window, with the morning paper in it. By-the-way, he takes it for granted that you will save the 11.5 train from Victoria. Murray, it seems, has been good enough to place his little house at the disposal of the police, but Gunning does not think espionage could be so well carried on there as from other quarters. The presence of a stranger in an alley of that sort is bound to attract attention. So he has hired a room for you in a draper's shop that immediately faces the head of the court. There is a private door to this shop of which you will have the key, and can let yourself in and out as you please. You are supposed to be a nursery governess on the lookout for a situation, and Gunning will keep you supplied with letters to give colour to the idea. He suggests that you need only occupy the room during the day, at night you will find far more comfortable quarters at Laker's Hotel, just outside the town."

This was about the sum total of the instructions that Mr. Dyer had to give.

The 11.5 train from Victoria, that carried Loveday to her work among the Surrey Hills, did not get clear of the London fog till well away on the other side of Purley. When the train halted at Merstham, in response to her signal a tall, soldier-like individual made for her carriage, and, jumping in, took the seat facing her. He introduced himself to her as Inspector Gunning, recalled to her memory a former occasion on which they had met, and then, naturally enough, turned the talk upon the



HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF.

present suspicious circumstances they were bent upon investigating.

"It won't do for you and me to be seen together," he said; "of course I am known for miles round, and anyone seen in my company will be at once set down as my coadjutor, and spied upon accordingly. I walked from Redhill to Merstham on purpose to avoid recognition on the platform at Redhill, and half-way here, to my great annoyance, found that I was being followed by a man in a workman's dress and carrying a basket of tools. I doubled, however, and gave him the slip, taking a short cut down a lane which, if he had been living in the place, he would have known as well as I did. By Jove!"



this was added with a sudden start, "there is the fellow, I declare; he has weathered me after all, and has no doubt taken good stock of us both, with the train going at this snail's pace. It was unfortunate that your face should have been turned towards that window, Miss Brooke."

"My veil is something of a disguise, and I will put on another cloak before he has a chance of seeing me again," said Loveday.

All she had seen in the brief glimpse that the train had allowed, was a tall, powerfully-built man walking along a siding of the line. His cap was drawn low over his eyes, and in his hand he carried a workman's basket.

Gunning seemed much annoyed at the circumstance. "Instead of landing at Redhill," he said, "we'll go on to Three Bridges and wait there for a Brighton train to bring us back, that will enable you to get to your room somewhere between the lights; I don't want to have you spotted before you've so much as started your work."

Then they went back to their discussion of the Redhill Sisterhood.

"They call themselves 'undenominational,' whatever that means," said Gunning; "they say they are connected with no religious sect whatever, they attend sometimes one place of worship, sometimes another, sometimes none at all. They refuse to give up the name of the founder of their order, and really no one has any right to demand it of them, for, as no doubt you see, up to the present moment the case is one of mere suspicion, and it may be a pure coincidence that attempts at burglary have followed their footsteps in this neighbourhood. By-the-way, I have heard of a man's face being enough to hang him, but until I saw Sister Monica's, I never saw a woman's face that could perform the same kind office for her. Of all the lowest criminal types of faces I have ever seen, I think hers is about the lowest and most repulsive."

After the Sisters, they passed in review the chief families resident in the neighbourhood.

"This," said Gunning, unfolding a paper, "is a map I have specially drawn up for you—it takes in the district for ten miles round Redhill, and every country house of any importance is marked in it in red ink. Here, in addition, is an index

to those houses, with special notes of my own to every house."

Loveday studied the map for a minute or so, then turned her attention to the index.

"Those four houses you've marked, I see, are those that have been already attempted. I don't think I'll run them through, but I'll mark them 'doubtful;' you see the gang—for, of course, it is a gang—might follow our reasoning on the matter, and look upon those houses as our weak point. Here's one I'll run through, 'house empty during winter months,' that means plate and jewellery sent to the bankers. Oh! and this one may as well be crossed off, 'father and four sons all athletes and sportsmen,' that means firearms always handy—I don't think burglars will be likely to trouble them. Ah! now we come to something! Here's a house to be marked 'tempting' in a burglar's list. 'Wootton Hall, lately changed hands and re-built, with complicated passages and corridors. Splendid family plate in daily use and left entirely to the care of the butler.' I wonder, does the master of that house trust to his 'complicated passages' to preserve his plate for him? A dismissed dishonest servant would supply a dozen maps of the place for half-a-sovereign. What do these initials, 'E. L.,' against the next house in the list, North Cape, stand for?"

"Electric lighted. I think you might almost cross that house off also. I consider electric lighting one of the greatest safeguards against burglars that a man can give his house."

"Yes, if he doesn't rely exclusively upon it; it might be a nasty trap under certain circumstances. I see this gentleman also has magnificent presentation and other plate."

"Yes. Mr. Jameson is a wealthy man and very popular in the neighbourhood; his cups and epergnes are worth looking at."

"Is it the only house in the district that is lighted with electricity?"

"Yes; and, begging your pardon, Miss Brooke, I only wish it were not so. If electric lighting were generally in vogue it would save the police a lot of trouble on these dark winter nights."

"The burglars would find some way of meeting such a condition of things, depend upon it; they have reached a very high development in these days. They no

longer stalk about as they did fifty years ago with blunderbuss and bludgeon; they plot, plan, contrive and bring imagination and artistic resource to their aid. By-the-way, it often occurs to me that the popular detective stories, for which there seems so large a demand at the present day, must be, at times, uncommonly useful to the criminal classes."

At Three Bridges they had to wait so long for a return train that it was nearly dark when Loveday got back to Redhill. Mr. Gunning did not accompany her thither, having alighted at a previous station. Loveday had directed her portmanteau to be sent direct to Laker's Hotel, where she had engaged a room by telegram from Victoria Station. So, unburthened by luggage, she slipped quietly out of the Redhill Station and made her way straight for the draper's shop in the London Road. She had no difficulty in finding it, thanks to the minute directions given her by the Inspector.

Street lamps were being lighted in the sleepy little town as she went along, and as she turned into the London Road, shopkeepers were lighting up their windows on both sides of the way. A few yards down this road, a dark patch between the lighted shops showed her where Paved Court led off from the thoroughfare. A side-door of one of the shops that stood at the corner of the court seemed to offer a post of observation whence she could see without being seen,

and here Loveday, shrinking into the shadows, ensconced herself in order to take stock of the little alley and its inhabitants. She found it much as it had been described to her—a collection of four-roomed houses of which more than half were unlet. Numbers 7 and 8 at the head of the court presented a slightly less neglected appearance than the other tenements. Number 7 stood in total darkness, but in the upper window of number 8 there showed what seemed to be a night-light burning, so Loveday conjectured that this possibly was the room set apart as a dormitory for the little cripples.

While she stood thus surveying the home of the suspected Sisterhood, the Sisters themselves—two, at least, of them—came into view, with their donkey-cart and their cripples, in the main road. It was an odd little cortège. One Sister, habited in a nun's dress of dark blue serge, led the donkey by the bridle; another Sister, similarly attired, walked alongside the low cart, in which were seated two sickly-looking children. They were evidently returning from one of their long country circuits, and unless they had lost their way and been belated—it certainly seemed a late hour for the sickly little cripples to be abroad.

As they passed under the gas lamp at the corner of the court, Loveday caught a glimpse of the faces of the Sisters. It was easy, with Inspector Gunning's description before her mind, to identify the older

and taller woman as Sister Monica; and a more coarse-featured and generally repellant face Loveday admitted to herself she had never before seen. In striking contrast to this forbidding countenance, was that of the younger Sister. Loveday could only catch a brief passing view of it, but that one brief view was enough to impress it on her memory as of unusual sadness and beauty. As the donkey stopped at the corner of



THEY START DAILY ON A SORT OF BEGGING TOUR.



the court, Loveday heard this sad-looking young woman addressed as "Sister Anna" by one of the cripples, who asked plaintively when they were going to have something to eat.

"Now, at once," said Sister Anna, lifting the little one, as it seemed to Loveday, tenderly out of the cart, and carrying him on her shoulder down the court to the door of number 8, which opened to them at their approach. The other Sister did the same with the other child; then both Sisters returned, unloaded the cart of sundry bundles and baskets, and, this done, led off the old donkey and trap down the road, possibly to a neighbouring costermonger's stables.

A man, coming along on a bicycle, exchanged a word of greeting with the Sisters as they passed, then swung himself off his machine at the corner of the court, and walked it along the paved way to the door of number 7. This he opened with a key, and then, pushing the machine before him, entered the house.

Loveday took it for granted that this man must be the John Murray of whom she had heard. She had closely scrutinised him as he had passed her, and had seen that he was a dark, well-featured man of about fifty years of age.

She congratulated herself on her good fortune in having seen so much in such a brief space of time, and coming forth from her sheltered corner

turned her steps in the direction of the draper's shop on the other side of the road.

It was easy to find it. "Golightly" was the singular name that figured above the shop-front, in which were displayed a variety of goods calculated to meet the wants of servants and the poorer classes generally. A tall, powerfully-built man appeared to be looking in at this window. Loveday's foot was on the doorstep of the draper's private entrance, her hand on the door-knocker, when this individual, suddenly turning, convinced her of his identity with the journeyman workman who had so disturbed Mr. Gunning's equanimity. It was true he wore a bowler instead of a journeyman's cap, and he no longer carried a basket of tools, but there was no possibility for anyone, with so good an eye for an outline as Loveday possessed, not to recognise the carriage of the head and shoulders as that of the man she had seen walking along the railway siding. He gave her no time to make minute observa-

tion of his appearance, but turned quickly away, and disappeared down a by-street.

Loveday's work seemed to bristle with difficulties now. Here was she, as it were, unearthed in her own ambush; for there could be but little doubt that during the whole time she had stood watching those Sisters, that man, from a safe vantage point, had been watching her.

She found Mrs. Go-



SISTER ANNA.

lightly a civil and obliging person. She showed Loveday to her room above the shop, brought her the letters which Inspector Gunning had been careful to have posted to her during the day. Then she supplied her with pen and ink and, in response to Loveday's request, with some strong coffee that she said, with a little attempt at a joke, would "keep a dormouse awake all through the winter without winking."

While the obliging landlady busied herself about the room, Loveday had a few questions to ask about the Sisterhood who lived down the court opposite. On this

between nine and ten in the evening; and after that, not a sign of life did either tenement show.

And all through the long hours of that watch, backwards and forwards there seemed to flit before her mind's eye, as if in some sort it were fixed upon its retina, the sweet, sad face of Sister Anna.

Why it was this face should so haunt her, she found it hard to say.

"It has a mournful past and a mournful future written upon it as a hopeless whole," she said to herself. "It is the face of an Andromeda! 'Here am I,' it seems to say, 'tied to my stake, helpless and hopeless.'"

The church clocks were sounding the midnight hour as Loveday made her way through the dark streets to her hotel outside the town. As she passed under the railway arch that ended in the open country road, the echo of not very distant footsteps caught her ear. When she stopped they stopped, when she went on they went on, and she knew that once more she was being followed and watched, although the dark-

ness of the arch prevented her seeing even the shadow of the man who was thus dogging her steps.

The next morning broke keen and frosty. Loveday studied her map and her country-house index over a seven o'clock breakfast, and then set off for a brisk walk along the country road. No doubt in London the streets were walled in and roofed with yellow fog; here, however, bright sunshine played in and out of the bare tree-boughs and leafless hedges on to a thousand frost spangles, turning the prosaic macadamised road into a gangway fit for Queen Titania herself and her fairy train.

Loveday turned her back on the town



"GOOD MORNING, MISS BROOKE."

head, however, Mrs. Golightly could tell her no more than she already knew, beyond the fact that they started every morning on their rounds at eleven o'clock punctually, and that before that hour they were never to be seen outside their door.

Loveday's watch that night was to be a fruitless one. Although she sat, with her lamp turned out and safely screened from observation, until close upon midnight, with eyes fixed upon numbers 7 and 8, Paved Court, not so much as a door opening or shutting at either house rewarded her vigil. The lights flitted from the lower to the upper floors in both houses, and then disappeared somewhere



and set herself to follow the road as it wound away over the hill in the direction of a village called Northfield. Early as she was, she was not to have that road to herself. A team of strong horses trudged by on their way to their work in the fuller's-earth pits. A young fellow on a bicycle flashed past at a tremendous pace, considering the upward slant of the road. He looked hard at her as he passed, then slackened pace, dismounted and awaited her coming on the brow of the hill.

"Good morning, Miss Brooke," he said, lifting his cap as she came alongside of him. "May I have five minutes' talk with you?"

The young man who thus accosted her had not the appearance of a gentleman. He was a handsome, bright-faced young fellow of about two-and-twenty, and was dressed in ordinary cyclist's dress; his cap was pushed back from his brow over thick, curly, fair hair, and Loveday, as she looked at him, could not repress the thought how well he would look at the head of a troop of cavalry, giving the order to charge the enemy.

He led his machine to the side of the footpath.

"You have the advantage of me," said Loveday; "I haven't the remotest notion who you are."

"No," he said; "although I know you, you cannot possibly know me. I am a north country man, and I was present, about a month ago, at the trial of old Mr. Craven, of Troyte's Hill—in fact, I acted as reporter for one of the local papers. I watched your face so closely as you gave your evidence that I should know it anywhere, among a thousand."

"And your name is —?"

"George White, of Grenfell. My father is part proprietor of one of the Newcastle papers. I am a bit of a literary man myself, and sometimes figure as a reporter, sometimes as leader-writer, to that paper." Here he gave a glance towards his side pocket, from which protruded a small volume of Tennyson's poems.

The facts he had stated did not seem to invite comment, and Loveday ejaculated merely:

"Indeed!"

The young man went back to the subject that was evidently filling his thoughts. "I have special reasons for being glad to have met you this morning,

Miss Brooke," he went on, making his footsteps keep pace with hers. "I am in great trouble, and I believe you are the only person in the whole world who can help me out of that trouble."

"I am rather doubtful as to my power of helping anyone out of trouble," said Loveday; "so far as my experience goes, our troubles are as much a part of ourselves as our skins are of our bodies."

"Ah, but not such trouble as mine," said White eagerly. He broke off for a moment, then, with a sudden rush of words, told her what that trouble was. For the past year he had been engaged to be married to a young girl, who, until quite recently, had been fulfilling the duties of a nursery governess in a large house in the neighbourhood of Redhill.

"Will you kindly give me the name of that house?" interrupted Loveday.

"Certainly; Wootton Hall, the place is called, and Annie Lee is my sweetheart's name. I don't care who knows it!" He threw his head back as he said this, as if he would be delighted to announce the fact to the whole world. "Annie's mother," he went on, "died when she was a baby, and we both thought her father was dead also, when suddenly, about a fortnight ago, it came to her knowledge that instead of being dead, he was serving his time at Portland for some offence committed years ago."

"Do you know how this came to Annie's knowledge?"

"Not the least in the world; I only know that I suddenly got a letter from her announcing the fact, and at the same time, breaking off her engagement with me. I tore the letter into a thousand pieces, and wrote back saying I would not allow the engagement to be broken off, but would marry her to-morrow if she would have me. To this letter she did not reply; there came instead a few lines from Mrs. Copeland, the lady at Wootton Hall, saying that Annie had thrown up her engagement, and joined some Sisterhood, and that she, Mrs. Copeland, had pledged her word to Annie to reveal to no one the name and whereabouts of that Sisterhood."

"And I suppose you imagine I am able to do what Mrs. Copeland is pledged not to do?"

"That's just it, Miss Brooke," cried the young man enthusiastically. "You do such wonderful things; everyone knows you do. It seems as if, when anything is

wanted to be found out, you just walk into a place, look round you and, in a moment, everything becomes clear as noonday."

"I can't quite lay claim to such wonderful powers as that. As it happens, however, in the

present instance, no particular skill is needed to find out what you wish to know, for I fancy I have already come upon the traces of Miss Annie Lee."

"Miss Brooke!"

"Of course, I cannot say for certain, but it is a matter you can easily settle for yourself—settle, too, in a way that will confer a great obligation on me."

"I shall be only too delighted to be of any—the slightest service to you," cried, White, enthusiastically as before.

"Thank you. I will explain. I came down here specially to watch the movements of a certain Sisterhood who have somehow aroused the suspicions of the police. Well, I find that instead of being able to do this, I am myself so closely watched—possibly by confederates of these Sisters—that unless I can do my work by deputy I may as well go back to town at once."

"Ah! I see—you want me to be that deputy."

"Precisely. I want you to go to the room in Redhill that I have hired, take your place at the window—screened, of course, from observation—at which I ought to be seated—watch as closely as possible the movements of these Sisters and report them to me at the hotel, where I shall remain shut in from morning till night—it is the only way in which I can throw my persistent spies off the scent. Now, in doing this for me, you will be also doing yourself a good turn, for I have little doubt but what under the blue serge hood of one of the Sisters you will discover the pretty face of Miss Annie Lee."

As they had talked they had walked, and now stood on the top of the hill at the



NORTH CAPE HOUSE.

head of the one little street that constituted the whole of the village of Northfield.

On their left hand stood the village schools and the master's house; nearly facing these, on the opposite side of the road, beneath a clump of

elms, stood the village pound. Beyond this pound, on either side of the way, were two rows of small cottages with tiny squares of garden in front, and in the midst of these small cottages a swinging sign beneath a lamp announced a "Postal and Telegraph Office."

"Now that we have come into the land of habitations again," said Loveday, "it will be best for us to part. It will not do for you and me to be seen together, or my spies will be transferring their attentions from me to you, and I shall have to find another deputy. You had better start on your bicycle for Redhill at once, and I will walk back at leisurely speed. Come to me at my hotel without fail at one o'clock and report proceedings. I do not say anything definite about remuneration, but I assure you, if you carry out my instructions to the letter, your services will be amply rewarded by me and by my employers."

There were yet a few more details to arrange. White had been, he said, only a day and night in the neighbourhood, and special directions as to the locality had to be given to him. Loveday advised him not to attract attention by going to the draper's private door, but to enter the shop as if he were a customer, and then explain matters to Mrs. Golightly, who, no doubt, would be in her place behind the counter; tell her he was the brother of the Miss Smith who had hired her room, and ask permission to go through the shop to that room, as he had been commissioned by his sister to read and answer any letters that might have arrived there for her.

"Show her the key of the side door—



here it is," said Loveday; "it will be your credentials, and tell her you did not like to make use of it without acquainting her with the fact."

The young man took the key, endeavoured to put it in his waistcoat pocket, found the space there occupied and so transferred it to the keeping of a side pocket in his tunic.

All this time Loveday stood watching him.

"You have a capital machine there," she said, as the young man mounted his bicycle once more, "and I hope you will turn it to account in following the movements of these Sisters about the neighbourhood. I feel confident you will have something definite to tell me when you bring me your first report at one o'clock."

White once more broke into a profusion of thanks, and then, lifting his cap to the lady, started his machine at a fairly good pace.

Loveday watched him out of sight down the slope of the hill, then, instead of following him as she had said she would "at a leisurely pace," she turned her steps in the opposite direction along the village street.

It was an altogether ideal country village. Neatly-dressed, chubby-faced children, now on their way to the schools, dropped quaint little curtsies, or tugged at curly locks as Loveday passed; every

cottage looked the picture of cleanliness and trimness, and although so late in the year, the gardens were full of late flowering chrysanthemums and early flowering Christmas roses.

At the end of the village, Loveday came suddenly into view of a large, handsome, red-brick mansion. It presented a wide frontage to the road, from which it lay back amid extensive pleasure grounds. On the right hand, and a little in the rear of the house, stood what seemed to be large and commodious stables, and immediately adjoining these stables was a low-built, red-brick shed, that had evidently been recently erected.

That low-built, red brick shed excited Loveday's curiosity.

"Is this house called North Cape?" she asked of a man, who chanced at that moment to be passing with a pickaxe and shovel.

The man answered in the affirmative, and Loveday then asked another question: could he tell her what was that small shed so close to the house — it looked like a glorified cowhouse — now what could be its use?

The man's face lighted up as if it were a subject on which he liked to be questioned. He explained that that small shed was the engine-house where the electricity that lighted North Cape was made and stored. Then he dwelt with



THERE WAS TO BE A MEETING OF THE "SURREY STAGS."

pride upon the fact, as if he held a personal interest in it, that North Cape was the only house, far or near, that was thus lighted.

"I suppose the wires are carried underground to the house," said Loveday, looking in vain for signs of them anywhere.

The man was delighted to go into details on the matter. He had helped to lay those wires, he said: they were two in number, one for supply and one for return, and were laid three feet below ground, in boxes filled with pitch. These wires were switched on to jars in the engine-house, where the electricity was stored, and, after passing underground, entered the family mansion under its flooring at its western end.

Loveday listened attentively to these details, and then took a minute and leisurely survey of the house and its surroundings. This done, she retraced her steps through the village, pausing, however, at the "Postal and Telegraph Office" to despatch a telegram to Inspector Gunning.

It was one to send the Inspector to his cipher-book. It ran as follows:

"Rely solely on chemist and coal-merchant throughout the day.—L. B."

After this, she quickened her pace, and in something over three-quarters of an hour was back again at her hotel.

There she found more of life stirring than when she had quit-  
ted it in the early morning. There was to be a meeting of the "Surrey Stags," about a couple of miles off, and a good many hunting men were hanging about the entrance to the house, discussing the chances of sport after last night's frost. Loveday made her way through the throng in leisurely fashion, and not a man but what had keen scrutiny from her sharp eyes. No, there was no cause for suspicion there: they were evidently one and all just what they seemed to be—loud-voiced, hard-riding men, bent on a day's sport; but—and here Loveday's eyes travelled beyond the hotel court-yard to the other side of the road—who was that man with a bill-hook hacking at the hedge there—a thin-featured,

round-shouldered old fellow, with a bent-about hat? It might be as well not to take it too rashly for granted that her spies had withdrawn, and had left her free to do her work in her own fashion.

She went upstairs to her room. It was situated on the first floor in the front of the house, and consequently commanded a good view of the high road. She stood well back from the window, and at an angle whence she could see and not be seen, took a long, steady survey of the hedger. And the longer she looked the more convinced she was that the man's real work was something other than the bill-hook seemed to imply. He worked, so to speak, with his head over his shoulder, and when Loveday supplemented her eyesight with a strong field-glass, she could see more than one stealthy glance shot from beneath his bent-about hat in the direction of her window.

There could be little doubt about it: her movements were to be as closely watched to-day as they had been yesterday. Now it was of first importance that she should communicate with Inspector Gunning in the course of the afternoon:



SEATED HERSELF IN FULL VIEW.



the question to solve was how it was to be done?

To all appearance Loveday answered the question in extraordinary fashion. She pulled up her blind, she drew back her curtain, and seated herself, in full view, at a small table in the window recess. Then she took a pocket inkstand from her pocket, a packet of correspondence cards from her letter-case, and with rapid pen, set to work on them.

About an hour and a half afterwards, White, coming in, according to his promise, to report proceedings, found her still seated at the window, not, however, with writing materials before her, but with needle and thread in her hand with which she was mending her gloves.

"I return to town by the first train to-morrow morning," she said as he entered, "and I find these wretched things want no end of stitches. Now for your report."

White appeared to be in an elated frame of mind. "I've seen her!" he cried, "my Annie—they've got her, those confounded Sisters; but they sha'n't keep her—no, not if I have to pull the house down about their ears to get her out."

"Well, now you know where she is, you can take your time about getting her out," said Loveday. "I hope, however, you haven't broken faith with me, and betrayed yourself by trying to speak with her, because, if so, I shall have to look out for another deputy."

"Honour, Miss Brooke!" answered White indignantly. "I stuck to my duty, though it cost me something to see her hanging over those kids and tucking them into the cart, and never say a

word to her, never so much as wave my hand."

"Did she go out with the donkey-cart to-day?"

"No, she only tucked the kids into the cart with a blanket, and then went back to the house. Two old Sisters, ugly as sin, went out with them. I watched them from the window, jolt, jolt, jolt, round the corner, out of sight, and then I whipped down the stairs, and on to my machine, and was after them in a trice and managed to keep them well in sight for over an hour and a half."

"And their destination to-day was?"

"Wootton Hall."

"Ah, just as I expected."

"Just as you expected?" echoed White.

"I forgot. You do not know the nature of the suspicions that are attached to this Sisterhood, and the reasons I have for thinking that Wootton Hall, at this season of the year, might have an especial attraction for them."

White continued staring at her. "Miss Brooke," he said presently, in an altered tone, "whatever suspicions may attach to the Sisterhood, I'll stake my life on it, my Annie has had no share in any wickedness of any sort."

"Oh, quite so; it is most likely that your Annie has, in some way, been inveigled into joining these Sisters—has been taken possession of by them, in fact, just as they have taken possession of the little cripples."

"That's it! that's it!" he cried excitedly; "that was the idea that occurred to me when you spoke to me on the hill about them, otherwise you may be sure —"

"Did they get relief of any sort at the Hall?" interrupted Loveday.



THAT MAN WITH A BILL-HOOK.

"Yes; one of the two ugly old women stopped outside the lodge gates with the donkey-cart, and the other beauty went up to the house alone. She stayed there, I should think, about a quarter of an hour, and when she came back, was followed by a servant, carrying a bundle and a basket."

"Ah! I've no doubt they brought away with them something else beside old garments and broken victuals."

White stood in front of her, fixing a hard, steady gaze upon her.

"Miss Brooke," he said presently, in a voice that matched the look on his face, "what do you suppose was the real object of these women in going to Wootton Hall this morning?"

"Mr. White, if I wished to help a gang of thieves break into Wootton Hall to-night, don't you think I should be greatly interested in procuring for them the information that the master of the house was away from home; that two of the men servants, who slept in the house, had recently been dismissed and their places had not yet been filled; also that the dogs were never unchained at night, and that their kennels were at the side of the house at which the butler's pantry is not situated? These are particulars I have gathered in this house without stirring from my chair, and I am satisfied that they are likely to be true. At the same time, if I were a professed burglar, I should not be content with information that was likely to be true, but would be careful to procure such that was certain to be true, and so would set accomplices to work at the fountain head. Now do you understand?"

White folded his arms and looked down on her.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, in short, brusque tones.

Loveday looked him full in the face. "Communicate with the police immediately," she answered; "and I should feel greatly obliged if you will at once take a note from me to Inspector Gunning at Reigate."

"And what becomes of Annie?"

"I don't think you need have any anxiety on that head. I've no doubt that when the circumstances of her admission to the Sisterhood are investigated, it will be proved that she has been as much deceived and imposed upon as the man, John Murray, who so foolishly let his house to these women. Remember,

Annie has Mrs. Copeland's good word to support her integrity."

White stood silent for awhile.

"What sort of a note do you wish me to take to the Inspector?" he presently asked.

"You shall read it as I write it, if you like," answered Loveday. She took a correspondence card from her letter case, and, with an indelible pencil, wrote as follows—

"Wootton Hall is threatened to-night—concentrate attention there

"L. B."

White read the words as she wrote them with a curious expression passing over his handsome features.

"Yes," he said, curtly as before. "I'll deliver that, I give you my word, but I'll bring back no answer to you. I'll do no more spying for you—it's a trade that doesn't suit me. There's a straight-forward way of doing straight-forward work, and I'll take that way—no other—to get my Annie out of that den."

He took the note, which she sealed and handed to him, and strode out of the room.

Loveday, from the window, watched him mount his bicycle. Was it her fancy, or did there pass a swift, furtive glance of recognition between him and the hedger on the other side of the way as he rode out of the court-yard?

Loveday seemed determined to make that hedger's work easy for him. The short winter's day was closing in now, and her room must consequently have been growing dim to outside observation. She lighted the gas chandelier which hung from the ceiling and, still with blinds and curtains undrawn, took her old place at the window, spread writing materials before her and commenced a long and elaborate report to her chief at Lynch Court.

About half-an-hour afterwards, as she threw a casual glance across the road, she saw that the hedger had disappeared, but that two ill-looking tramps sat munching bread and cheese under the hedge to which his bill-hook had done so little service. Evidently the intention was, one way or another, not to lose sight of her so long as she remained in Redhill.

Meantime, White had delivered Loveday's note to the Inspector at Reigate, and had disappeared on his bicycle once more.

Gunning read it without a change of ex-



pression. Then he crossed the room to the fire-place and held the card as close to the bars as he could without scorching it.

"I had a telegram from her this morning," he explained to his confidential man, "telling me to rely upon chemicals and coals throughout the day, and that, of course, meant that she would write to me in invisible ink. No doubt this message about Wootton Hall means nothing —"

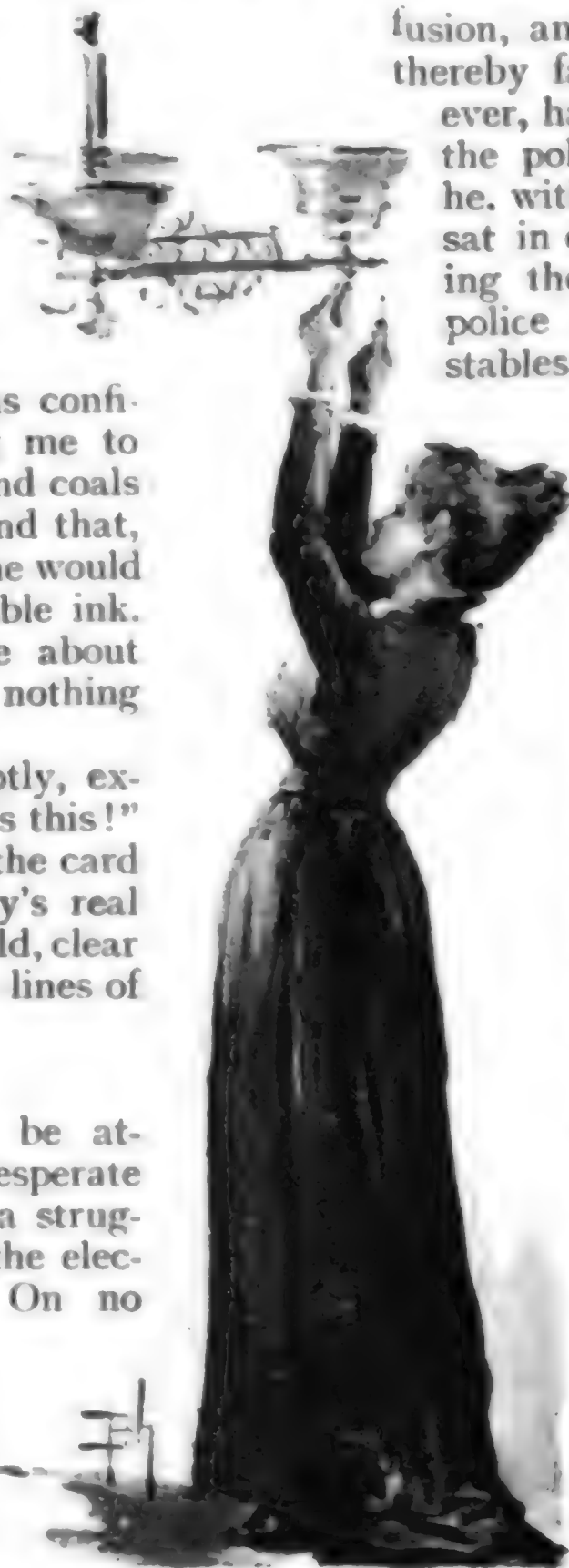
He broke off abruptly, exclaiming: "Eh! what's this!" as, having withdrawn the card from the fire, Loveday's real message stood out in bold, clear characters between the lines of the false one.

Thus it ran :

"North Cape will be attacked to-night—a desperate gang—be prepared for a struggle. Above all, guard the electrical engine-house. On no account attempt to communicate with me; I am so closely watched that any endeavour to do so may frustrate your chance of trapping the scoundrels. L. B."

That night when the moon went down behind Reigate Hill an exciting scene was enacted at "North Cape." The *Surrey Gazette*, in its issue the following day, gave the subjoined account of it under the heading, "Desperate encounter with burglars."

"Last night, 'North Cape,' the residence of Mr. Jameson, was the scene of an affray between the police and a desperate gang of burglars. 'North Cape' is lighted throughout by electricity, and the burglars, four in number, divided in half—two being told off to enter and rob the house, and two to remain at the engine-shed, where the electricity is stored, so that, at a given signal, should need arise, the wires might be unswitched, the inmates of the house thrown into sudden darkness and con-



SHE LIGHTED THE GAS.

fusion, and the escape of the marauders thereby facilitated. Mr. Jameson, however, had received timely warning from the police of the intended attack, and he, with his two sons, all well armed, sat in darkness in the inner hall awaiting the coming of the thieves. The police were stationed, some in the stables, some in out-buildings nearer to the house, and others in more distant parts of the grounds. The burglars effected their entrance by means of a ladder placed to a window of the servants' staircase which leads straight down to the butler's pantry and to the safe where the silver is kept. The fellows, however, had no sooner got into the house than the police, issuing from their hiding-place outside, mounted the ladder after them and thus cut off their retreat. Mr. Jameson and his two sons, at the same moment, attacked them in front, and thus overwhelmed by numbers, the scoundrels were easily secured. It was at the engine-house outside that the sharpest struggle took place. The thieves had forced open the door of this engine-shed with their jemmies immediately on their arrival, under the very eyes of the police, who lay in ambush in the stables, and when one of the men, captured in the house, contrived to sound an alarm on his whistle, these out-

side watchers made a rush for the electrical jars, in order to unswitch the wires. Upon this the police closed upon them, and a hand-to-hand struggle followed, and if it had not been for the timely assistance of Mr. Jameson and his sons, who had fortunately conjectured that their presence here might be useful, it is more than likely that one of the burglars, a powerfully-built man, would have escaped.

"The names of the captured men are John Murray, Arthur and George Lee (father and son), and a man with so many aliases that it is difficult to know which is his real name. The whole thing had been most cunningly and carefully planned. The elder Lee, lately released from penal servitude for a similar offence, appears to have been prime mover in the affair. This

man had, it seems, a son and a daughter, who, through the kindness of friends, had been fairly well placed in life: the son at an electrical engineers' in London, the daughter as nursery governess at Wootton Hall. Directly this man was released from Portland, he seems to have found out his children and done his best to ruin them both. He was constantly at Wootton Hall endeavouring to induce his daughter to act as an accomplice to a robbery of the house. This so worried the girl that she threw up her situation and joined a Sisterhood that had recently been established in the neighbourhood. Upon this, Lee's thoughts turned in another direction. He induced his son, who had saved a little money, to throw up his work in London, and join him in his disreputable career. The boy is a handsome young fellow, but appears to have in him the makings of a first-class criminal. In his work as an electrical engineer he had made the acquaintance of the man John Murray, who, it is said, has been rapidly going down-hill of late. Murray was the owner of the house rented by the Sisterhood that Miss Lee had joined, and the idea evidently struck the brains of these three scoundrels that this Sisterhood, whose antecedents were a little mysterious, might be utilised to draw off the attention of the police from themselves and from the especial house in the neighbourhood that they had planned to attack. With this end in view, Murray made an application to the police to have the Sisters watched, and still further to give colour to the suspicions he had endeavoured to set afloat concerning them, he and his confede-

rates made feeble attempts at burglary upon the houses at which the Sisters had called, begging for scraps. It is a matter for congratulation that the plot, from beginning to end, has been thus successfully unearthed, and it is felt on all sides that great credit is due to Inspector Gunning and his skilled coadjutors for the vigilance and promptitude they have displayed throughout the affair."

Loveday read aloud this report, with her feet on the fender of the Lynch Court office.

"Accurate, as far as it goes," she said, as she laid down the paper.

"But we want to know a little more," said Mr. Dyer. "In the first place, I would like to know what it was that diverted your suspicions from the unfortunate Sisters?"

"The way in which they handled the children," answered Loveday promptly. "I have seen female criminals of all kinds handling children, and I have noticed that although they may occasionally—even this is rare—treat them with a certain rough sort of kindness, of tenderness they are utterly incapable. Now

Sister Monica, I must admit, is not pleasant to look at; at the same time, there was something absolutely beautiful in the way in which she lifted the little cripple out of the cart, put his tiny thin hand round her neck, and carried him into the house. By-the-way I would like to ask some rabid physiognomist how he would account for Sister Monica's repulsiveness of feature as contrasted with young Lee's undoubted good looks—heredity, in this case, throws no light on the matter."



A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE.



"Another question," said Mr. Dyer, not paying much heed to Loveday's digression; "how was it you transferred your suspicions to John Murray?"

"I did not do so immediately, although at the very first it had struck me as odd that he should be so anxious to do the work of the police for them. The chief thing I noticed concerning Murray, on the first and only occasion on which I saw him, was that he had had an accident with his bicycle, for in the right-hand corner of his lamp-glass there was a tiny star, and the lamp itself had a dent on the same side, had also lost its hook, and was fastened to the machine by a bit of electric fuse. The next morning as I was walking up the hill towards Northfield, I was accosted by a young man mounted on that self-same bicycle—not a doubt of it—star in glass, dent, fuse, all three.

"Ah, that sounded an important keynote, and led you to connect Murray and the younger Lee immediately."

"It did, and, of course, also at once gave the lie to his statement that he was a stranger in the place, and confirmed my opinion that there was nothing of the north-countryman in his accent. Other details in his manner and appearance gave rise to other suspicions. For instance, he called himself a press reporter by profession, and his hands were coarse and grimy as only a mechanic's could be. He said he was a bit of a literary man, but the Tennyson that showed so obtrusively from his pocket was new, and in parts uncut, and totally unlike the well-thumbed volume of the literary student. Finally, when he tried and failed to put my latch-key into his waistcoat pocket, I saw the reason lay in the fact that the pocket was already occupied by a soft coil of electric fuse, the end of which protruded. Now, an electric fuse is what an electrical engineer might almost unconsciously carry about with him, it is so essential a part of his working tools, but it is a thing that a

literary man or a press reporter could have no possible use for."

"Exactly, exactly. And it was no doubt, that bit of electric fuse that turned your thoughts to the one house in the neighbourhood lighted by electricity, and suggested to your mind the possibility of electrical engineers turning their talents to account in that direction. Now, will you tell me what, at that stage of your day's work, induced you to wire to Gunning that you would bring your invisible-ink bottle into use?"

"That was simply a matter of precaution; it did not compel me to the use of invisible ink, if I saw other safe methods of communication. I felt myself being hemmed in on all sides with spies, and I could not tell what emergency might arise. I don't think I have ever had a more difficult game to play. As I walked and talked with the young fellow up the hill, it became clear to me that if I wished to do my work I must lull the suspicions of the gang, and seem to walk into their trap. I saw by the persistent way in which Wootton Hall was forced on my notice that it was wished to fix my suspicions there. I accordingly, to all appearance, did so, and allowed the fellows to think they were making a fool of me."

"Ha! ha! Capital that—the bitter bit, with a vengeance! Splendid idea to make that young rascal himself deliver the letter that was to land him and his pals in jail. And he all the time laughing in his sleeve and thinking what a fool he was making of you! Ha, ha, ha!" And Mr. Dyer made the office ring again with his merriment.

"The only person one is at all sorry for in this affair is poor little Sister Anna," said Loveday pityingly; "and yet, perhaps, all things considered, after her sorry experience of life, she may not be so badly placed in a Sisterhood where practical Christianity—not religious hysterics—is the one and only rule of the order."



Shropshire, and the Colonelcy conferred upon Charles Herbert, a relative of the nobleman whose exertions had mainly contributed to its formation. Its earliest military service was in Ireland, where it served under the command of the veteran Duke of Schomberg, a commander whom they lost at the Battle of the Boyne, a contest which practically decided the fortunes of the House of Stewart, and its anniversary is still celebrated—but with very different feelings—by the two rival parties in Ireland. The share taken by Colonel Herbert's regiment in this battle was not of such importance as to demand more than a cursory notice. It stood fire bravely and acquitted itself gallantly. The spurs worn by its Major (Tony Purcell) on this memorable occasion are still preserved in the regi-

"GALLANT little Wales" has every reason to be proud of the famous "Royal Welsh Fusiliers," the old 23rd Regiment of Foot. The regiment dates from the time of William the Third, and was originally raised by Henry, Lord Herbert, in Wales. The head-quarters were fixed at Ludlow, in

ment and duly handed down from one senior major to another. Herbert's regiment shared in the various actions against the rebels which marked the remainder of the campaign; went duly into winter quarters, and re-assembled in the Spring of 1691. The command of the royal army was then assumed by General the Baron de Ginkel, a Dutch officer of capacity and experience. He had under him two of the most famous generals England possessed, Talmash and Mackay. The soldiers had plenty of provisions, and were resplendent in new uniforms; "the ranks were one blaze of scarlet, and the train of artillery was such as had never been seen in Ireland." Thus equipped, the army moved against the rebels. After subduing the ancient fortress of Ballymore the royal troops advanced on Athlone. This was the most important of the rebel strongholds, and where the stoutest resistance was expected. Encamped within a short distance of the town was an army of 25,000 French, commanded by Marshal St. Ruth. During the night of June 19th, the English planted their cannon against the defences of the Irish quarter. The firing opened at daybreak: a breach was soon effected, and at five in the afternoon an assault was made. The Irish were discomfited and driven across the Shannon to the Connaught side. This success was cheaply purchased. The loss of Ginkel's army was only twenty killed and forty wounded. But, as Macaulay says in his "England," his work was only begun. The defence of the Irish quarter of Athlone was obstinately continued, and between Ginkel and the Irish town the Shannon ran fiercely; the bridge was so narrow that a few resolute men might keep it against an army.



Two mills which stood on it were strongly guarded, and it was commanded by the guns of the adjacent castle. That part of the Connaught shore where the river was fordable was defended by works, thrown up the year before under the direction of a French engineer. However, Ginkel did not hesitate. The cannonade opened on the 22nd. It was so effectual that in twenty-four hours one side of the castle was beaten down, the thatched houses of the Irish quarter were reduced to ashes, and one of the mills destroyed, with the sixty soldiers who guarded it. The defence, however, still continued, St. Ruth reinforced the garrison with successive detachments; entrusted the command to his son, Lieutenant D'Usson; and placed his own headquarters two miles from the town. He was confident that Ginkel had embarked in a hopeless cause. "His master ought to hang him," he said, "for trying to take Athlone, and mine ought to hang me if I lose it." Ginkel persevered, and at the instigation of his officers resolved to force the passage of the river. The afternoon of June 30th was selected for the attempt. The Irish, confident in their security, were keeping the loosest guard. Fifteen hundred grenadiers, each wearing in his hat a green bough, were mustered on the Leinster bank of the Shannon. Many of them remembered that, on that day year, they had, at the command of King William, put green boughs in their hats on the banks of the Boyne.

Guineas had been liberally scattered among these picked men; but their alacrity was such as gold cannot purchase. The Duke of Wurtemberg, Tal-  
mash, and several other gallant officers, to whom no part of the enterprise had been assigned, insisted on serving that day as private volunteers, and their appearance in the ranks excited the fiercest enthusiasm amongst the soldiers.

It was six o'clock. A peal from the steeple of the church gave the signal. Prince George of Hesse Darmstadt, and

a brave soldier named Hamilton, whose services were afterwards rewarded with the title of Lord Boyne, descended first into the Shannon. Then the soldiers lifted the Duke of Wurtemberg on their shoulders, and with a great shout plunged twenty abreast up to their cravats in water. The Irish, taken unprepared, fired one confused volley and fled, leaving their commander, Maxwell, a prisoner. The conquerors clambered up the banks over the remains of walls shattered by a cannonade of ten days. Mackay, who was in command, heard his men swearing, as

they stumbled amongst the rubbish. "My lads," cried the stout old puritan, in the midst of the uproar, "you are brave fellows; but do not swear. We have more reason to thank God for the goodness which he has shown us this day than to take his name in vain." The victory was complete.

St. Ruth, on learning that Athlone had fallen into the hands of the English was furious. "Taken!" he exclaimed; "it cannot be. A town taken and I close by with an army to relieve it!" He made no attempt to recover it, but, under cover of the night, struck his tents and proceeded in the direction of Galway.

Ginkel pursued. The French general first made a stand at Ballinasloe, but on the approach of the royal forces, retreated to Aughrim. Here he determined to meet his foes, and drew up his army on

the slope of a green hill, which was almost surrounded by marshy ground. The battle, which was fought early in the evening of July 12th, was most sanguinary. Both sides fought gallantly, but no regiment in the English force distinguished itself more than the 23rd. A cannon ball literally carried off the head of Marshal St. Ruth, and a cloth was thrown over his remains so that his death might not become known to the soldiers, and the tide of battle rolled on more fiercely than ever. Victory was with the royal troops. The Irish were pursued from hedge to hedge; no quarter was given, as the con-



FUSILIER'S COSTUME, 1742.

querors seemed to be in no mood for mercy. The carnage was terrible, and some thousand Irish corpses were piled upon the field. At least three thousand more marked the line of their retreat and the English pursuit. With the battle of Aughrim the Irish struggle practically ended, and in December, 1691, the 23rd embarked for England. In 1694, "Herbert's," then called "Ingoldsby's," from its new colonel, was called to Flanders to reinforce the army under King William. In one of the Flemish engagements, when fighting under the personal observation of the king, he was so pleased with the daring courage of his Welsh regiment that he could not refrain from remarking, in a tone of the utmost enthusiasm, to the Elector of Bavaria, "Look! Look at my brave English!"

Ingoldsby's regiment remained in the Low Countries until the Peace of Ryswick, in September, 1697. It again took the field at the outbreak of the War of Succession. As we are not writing a dry historical essay, we will not attempt to give the reasons which led to this war, but at once endeavour to follow the fortunes of the 23rd when assisting at the many victories which have immortalised the great Marlborough. In the great battle of Blenheim, August 13th, 1704, the 23rd fought with desperate valour. It formed a portion of the column which delivered the first onset, and attacked the French troops in the fortified village of Blenheim, their brigadier advancing to the very palisades and striking them with his sword before he gave the word "Fire!" Throughout the hard-fought engagement that on this famous day checked the tide of victory which so long had rolled in favour of France, the 23rd was foremost in the fight and nobly earned the praise, so dear to English soldiers, of having done its duty. The 23rd was destined to be present at each of the

great victories by which Marlborough illustrated his own fame and raised to an extraordinary height the military fame of his country. At Oudenarde, July 11, 1708, it was engaged in the attack upon the village of Haynem, which resulted not only in the capture of the village but of the seven Swiss Battalions that defended it. The loss of 4,000 killed and wounded, of 7,000 prisoners and numerous guns and standards, rendered the day of Oudenarde a bitter memory for France. The year 1709 was signalised by two brilliant achievements: the capture of Tournay (September 3rd) and the bloody battle of Malplaquet (September 11th). In the latter engagement the 23rd formed part of the division under General Count Lotharan, which attacked the French entrenchments in the wood of Taismère, and, in spite of the desperate resistance offered by the enemy, completely succeeded. In 1710, the 23rd formed part of the force besieging the stronghold of Douay, which surrendered, after a gallant defence, on June 27th. During the siege it suffered severely, and

the many casualties in the hard service it had so long performed had reduced its establishment to two effective captains. The War of Succession was closed, April 11, 1713, by the signature of the treaty of Utrecht; the 23rd, shortly after this event, returned to England. On the accession of George I. to the throne, it received, in compliment to the Heir Apparent, the title of the

"Prince of Wales' Own Royal Regiment of Welsh Fusiliers." In 1715, it was despatched to Scotland, to aid the King's forces in quelling the rebellion in favour of the Pretender. Our rapid survey must now glance over a period of many un-



OFFICER'S FULL DRESS,  
1847



SAPPER'S COSTUME, 1847.



OFFICER'S UNIFORM, PRESENT DAY,  
SHOWING HOW AT BACK OF COLLAR.

eventful years, during which the 23rd was stationed at various places in the United Kingdom. Nor was it until the outbreak of the Seven Years' War that the Welsh Fusiliers were called upon to maintain in the field that reputation for prowess and steady discipline which the regiment had won under the great Marlborough. In May, 1742, they embarked for Flanders. In the following year George II. took the command of the allied army in person. At the battle of Dettingen,

June 27th, the 23rd lost their colonel, and in other ways suffered severely; and at Fontenoy, the losses sustained by the Welsh Fusiliers alone gives one an idea of what a sanguinary struggle it must have been: four officers, four sergeants and one hundred and eighty-one rank and file were left dead on the field; ten officers, six sergeants and seventy-one privates wounded; eight officers, five sergeants and thirty-four privates missing. In all, three hundred and twenty-four officers and privates put hors de combat, or nearly one half of the effective strength of the regiment. The 23rd was recalled to England in 1745, when the Scotch rebellion broke out in favour of Prince Charles Edward, and remained in quarters on the South-east coast until the battle of Culloden had crushed for ever the hopes of the Stuarts. In 1747, it returned to the Netherlands and was present at the battle of Laffeldt (July 2), where the misconduct of the Dutch exposed it to a destructive charge

from the French cavalry. This was its last service in the field in the inglorious "Seven Years' War," which was terminated by the treaty of Aix La Chapelle, 1748. But in those days England was never long at peace, and the Hanoverian tastes of her German Sovereigns were constantly leading her into Continental wars. The rivalry of France, which then possessed colonies both in India and America, furnished a constant incitement to hostilities, and her aggressions upon our North American Provinces, as well as her attempt to crush our influence in the East, led to an open rupture in 1756. In the summer of 1758, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers were attached to the army (fourteen

thousand men) under the Duke of Marlborough, that was intended to make a formidable descent upon the French coast, but which its leader would not suffer to attempt the capture of St. Maloes, and a storm prevented from landing at Cherbourg. The failure of this expedition aroused the greatest scorn and indignation in England. Horace Walpole thus speaks of it: "This is the history, neither more nor less, of this mighty expedition. They found the causeway broken up; stayed



OFFICER'S UNIFORM, PRESENT DAY

ST. DAVID'S DAY. ADJUSTING THE  
BREECHES

from Tuesday night till Monday morning in sight of the town; agreed it was impregnable; heard ten thousand French (which the next day here was created into thirty thousand) were coming against them; took to their transports, and are gone to play at hide-and-seek somewhere else . . . . .

After dodging about the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, our Armada is returned; but in the hurry of the retreat from Saint Maloes, the Duke of Marlborough left his silver teaspoons behind. As he had generously sent back an old woman's finger and gold ring, which one of our soldiers had cut off, the Duc d'Aiguillon has sent a cartel ship with the prisoner's spoons. How they must be diverted with this tea equipage, stamped with the Blenheim eagles."

At the battle of Minden, August 1st, 1758, the Welsh Fusiliers earned undying fame. Perhaps at no other battle in the history of the English Army has the infantry fought better. Again and again the French cavalry charged upon them, but they were not dismayed by either dazzling sabre or fluttering pennon. Nothing seemed to stop the onrush of the British line; the repulse of the French was complete, and on the following day they abandoned Minden. The victory of Minden gave great satisfaction to the

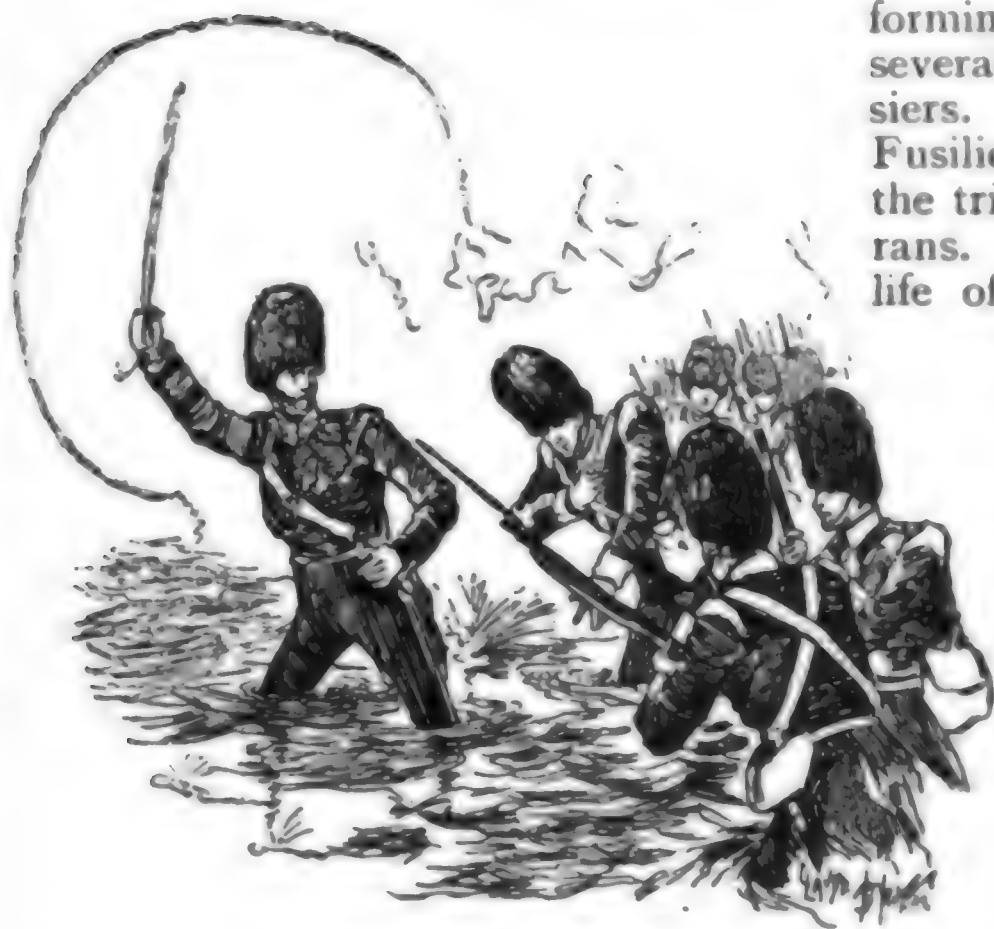
English people. "Every house in London is illuminated," writes Horace Walpole; "every street has two bonfires; every bonfire has two hundred squibs; and the poor, charming moon, that never looked so well in her life, is not at all minded, but seems only staring out of a garret window at the frantic doings all over the town."

In 1764 peace was again restored, and for ten years the 23rd remained in England. In 1774 it was removed to Boston, in North America, at the outbreak of the American War of Independence. In that dreary and unnatural struggle it shared in the alternate triumphs and disasters which befell the British arms. Happily for both countries, the madness for battle passed away, England acknowledged the independence of the United States, and a treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, January 20th, 1783. Another period of peace succeeded, and then the world was convulsed with the desolating outbreak of the French Revolution. England was at first loth to mix in the struggle, but it was inevitable that she should endeavour to stem the torrent which threatened to overwhelm her. War with France was therefore declared in February, 1793, and a British contingent was sent to Holland, under the command of the Duke of York, to join our Austrian



ROYAL WELSH ESCORTING A COMMISSARIAT WAGON IN THE CRIMEA





CROSSING THE RIVER AT ALMA.

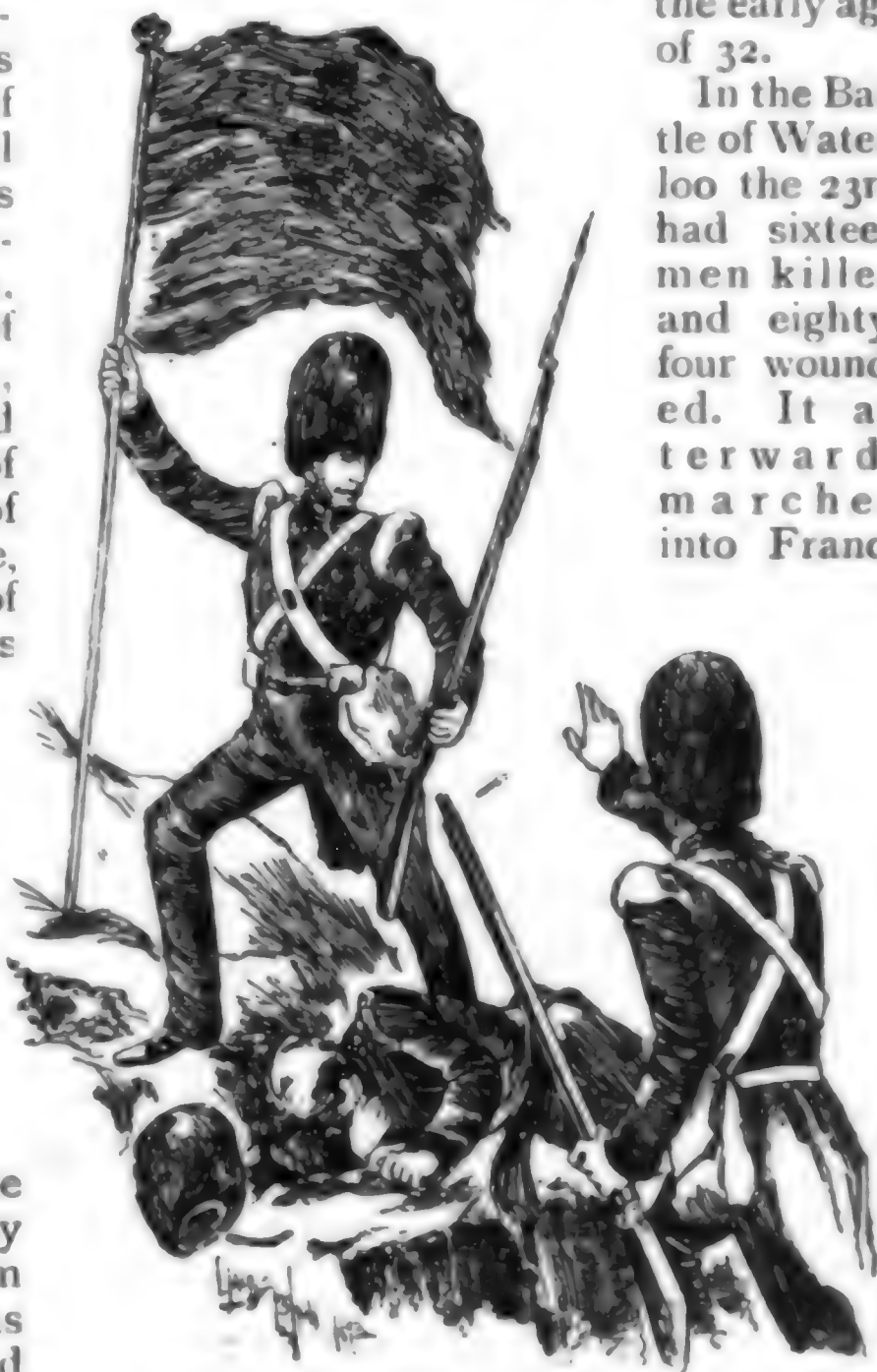
and Prussian allies. It would be utterly impossible to give anything like a detailed account of the great war which England, at one time almost single handed, maintained against Republican and afterwards Imperial France. All that is necessary here is to recapitulate some of the stirring exploits in which the Royal Welsh Fusiliers bore a part. The Battles of Aboukir and Alexandria, the Copenhagen Expedition, the Battle of Corunna, the Walcheren Expedition, the Capture of Martinique, the Siege of Badajos, 1811, the Battle of Albuera, the Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, Battle of Salamanca, Battle of Vittoria, Battle of Sauroren, Storm of San Sebastian, the Battle of the Nivelle, the Battle of Orthes, and the Battle of Toulouse are the principal engagements in which the 23rd took an active part. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, and his resumption of the Imperial power, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers were ordered to join Wellington's army in the Netherlands. On arriving at Lessines they were attached to the 4th division, commanded by Lieutenant General the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, and marched with the utmost rapidity to the British position on the plain of Waterloo. In the earlier part of the struggle (June 18th, 1815) it was merely exposed to a distant cannonade, from which, however, it suffered severely. As the contest waxed fiercer, it was moved up into a line above Hougoumont, and

forming a square, received and repulsed several desperate charges of the Cuirassiers. Despite the fact that many of the Fusiliers were new recruits, they endured the trial with all the composure of veterans. The battle, however, cost them the life of their beloved leader, Sir Henry Ellis, who was struck with a musket ball in the right breast while on horseback in the centre of the square; fainting from the terrible loss of blood, he rode to the rear; but at a few paces from the field, was thrown from his horse while in the act of jumping a ditch. He was found, some little time afterwards, almost in a state of collapse, and was removed to a neighbouring out-house, where his wound was dressed. In the course of the night of the 19th, this rude shelter caught fire, and it was with the

utmost difficulty that the regimental surgeon saved him from the flames. The shock proved too much for the dying hero, for he expired the following day at

the early age of 32.

In the Battle of Waterloo the 23rd had sixteen men killed and eighty-four wounded. It afterwards marched into France



WILLIAM EVANS PLANTING THE COLOURS ON THE HEIGHTS AT ALMA.

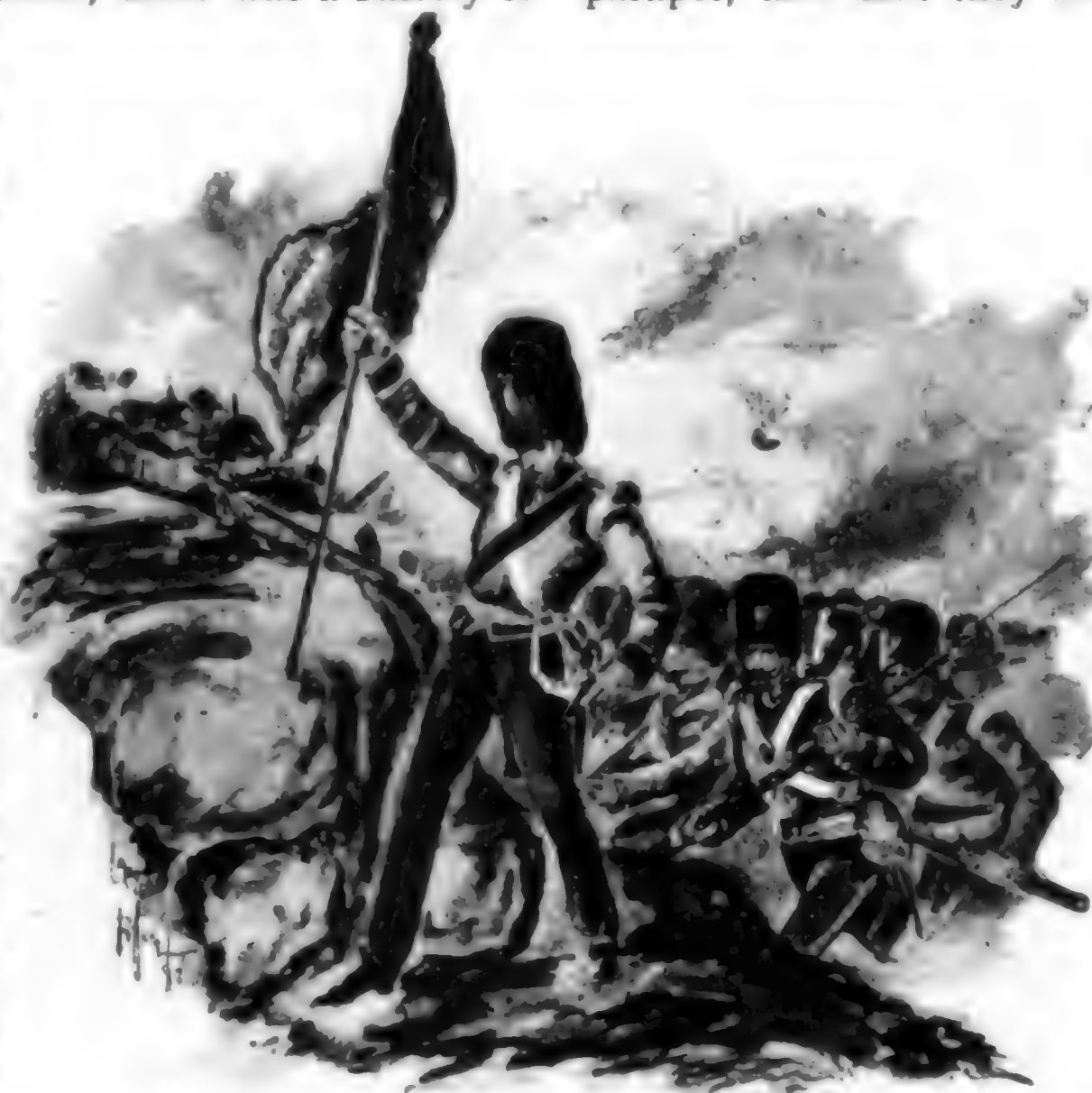
and formed part of the army of occupation until October, 1818.

We shall now pass over a long period of general service — service abroad and at home — during which the 23rd fully maintained its glorious reputation, to glance at its achievements in the Crimea. The Welsh Fusiliers were attached to the Light Division under General Sir George Brown. At the Battle of the Alma they covered themselves with glory, and the way in which they fought was truly heroic. In front of them was the great redoubt of the Russians, armed with guns of heavy calibre, and the stronghold was flanked on the one side by the lesser redoubt and on the other by artillery, guarding the pass, or causeway road, to Sebastopol. Upon the slopes of the Kourgane Hill, and so posted as to look down into the great redoubt, there was a battery of field artillery, and in rear of this a battery and a half, besides other guns. The Kourgane Hill was, in all, defended by two redoubts, by forty-two guns and a force of infantry and cavalry seventeen thousand strong. Under a storm of shot and cannonballs, our young soldiers swept towards the



IN THE TRENCHES AT THE CRIMEA.

brought their infantry to the edge of the parapet, and that they fired grape and



DEATH OF LIEUTENANT ANSTRUTHER AT THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

enemy, through intermingled vineyards and across the rapid waters of the Alma. At length the whole of the Light Division, together with the 95th Regiment, which had "strayed into its company," was upon the Russian bank. The scene of carnage which ensued was fearful. Some of the men struck down had got up a good way on the slope; others were so nearly come to the top of the bank that they fell back dead and dying into the channel of the river, but all who were not struck down moved forward. The round shot, tearing cruelly through the advancing crowd, played terrible havoc with our soldiers. However, the gaps in the foremost ranks made by the Russian shot were constantly filled in by new comers, and despite the fact that the Russians

canister, the Light Division went forward with all the alacrity which springs from a resolute determination. Before the spell of that firm advance the foe fled. Their guns ceased firing, and they were soon seen in full retreat. Observing this, Ensign Anstruther, who carried the Queen's colours of the Royal Welsh rushed for-



ward, and outstripping his companions, gained the redoubt, where he stuck the butt end of the flagstaff into the parapet. He stood in triumph for little more than a minute, when he was shot dead. In falling he drew the flag down with him, the silken folds of which enveloped him as in a shroud. William Evans, a swift-footed soldier, gathered up the flag, and raising it proudly aloft, made claim to the great redoubt on behalf of the "Royal Welsh." The "Alma" was thus added to

the long list of British victories in which the 23rd figured. It was a hard-earned triumph, however. The Fusiliers lost their colonel, seven officers, three sergeants, and forty rank and file killed; five officers, nine sergeants, and one hundred and thirty-nine rank and file wounded. Such was the share borne by the "Royal Welsh" in the great Battle of the Alma. The news of the victory was received with



OBJECTS OF MUTUAL CURIOSITY—ASHANTEE WAR.

the greatest enthusiasm in England, and in London the rejoicings partook of a public character: Dinners, fêtes and illuminations in the Metropolis showed how deeply the Londoners appreciated the services of their gallant defenders.

After the Battle of the Alma, the Royal Welsh did duty in the trenches before Sebastopol, and proved themselves brave soldiers and true sons of England.

In 1874 we find the 23rd in South Africa, engaged in the Ashantee War.

Everything seemed against the British force in this campaign. Their foes were savage, so were the regions in which the war raged. Having to force their way through swamps, and what we may, without exaggeration, call primeval forest, they had to be prepared at any moment to receive a deadly volley from the enemy, hidden in the luxuriant foliage, which served them as an ambush. However,

after enduring unparalleled hardships, they succeeded in forcing their way, under the command of Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet Wolseley), to Coomassie, which stronghold was committed to the flames. The famous umbrella of King Koffee Kalawa found its way to England, as did also the fame of the glorious exploits of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who, on arriving home at Portsmouth, met with a most enthusiastic reception.

Like many other regiments in the English army, the 23rd has its "regimental pet," and, in this instance, it takes the form of a goat, which

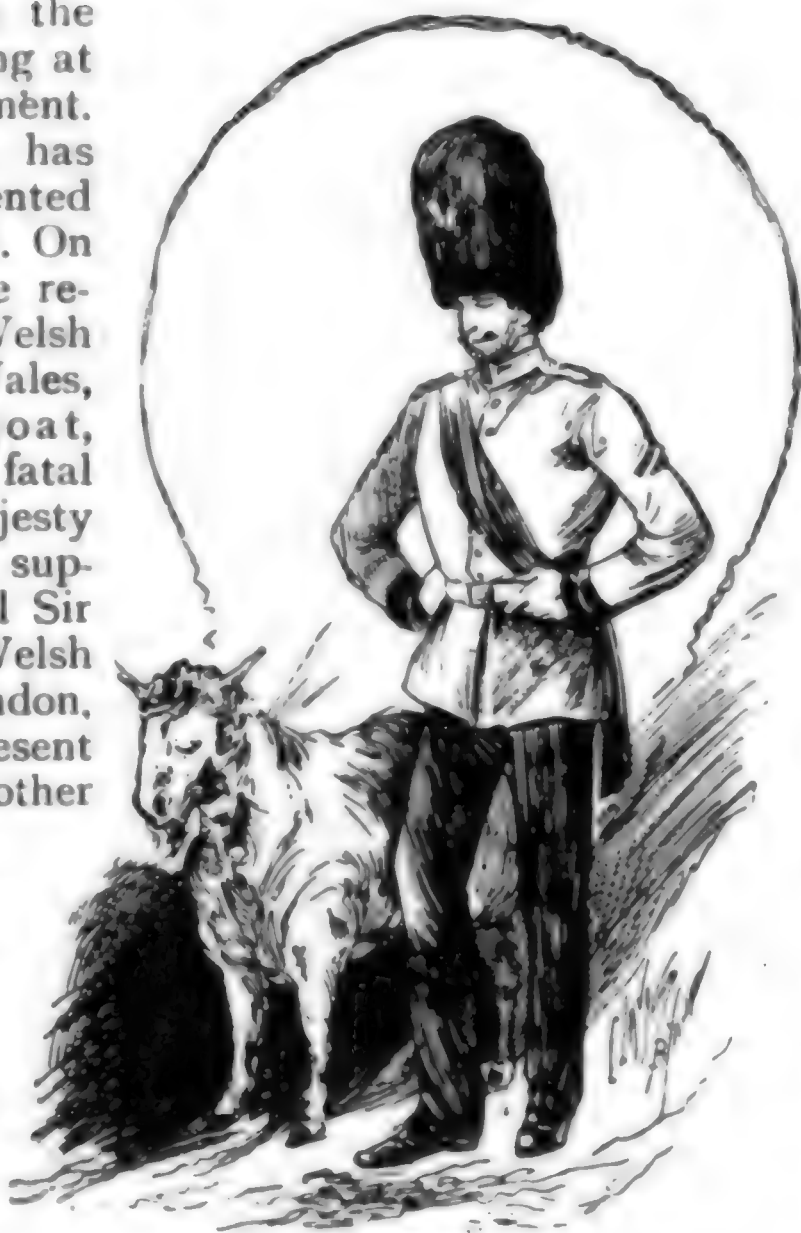


FIGHTING THE UNSEEN—ASHANTEE WAR, 1874.

always accompanies the Drum Major, walking at the head of the regiment. From time to time has the 23rd been presented with their pet animal. On the occasion of the recent march of the Welsh Fusiliers through Wales, the regimental goat, "Billy," met with a fatal accident. Her Majesty the Queen, however, supplied its place; and Sir William Evans, the Welsh Lord Mayor of London, also offered to present the regiment with another goat.

The march of the 23rd through Wales was one continued triumph. In addition to its testing the physical powers of endurance possessed by the men, it proved, in a most emphatic manner,

that the advent of a marching regiment in a country village, with colours flying and band playing, does more to



THE REGIMENTAL PET.

arouse the enthusiasm of the would-be soldier than all the blandishments of the recruiting sergeant.

The officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers enjoy the privilege of wearing the black bow which formerly held the ends of the small powdered wig in position. In the absence of the "pig-tail" the bow is merely affixed to the back of the collar. This privilege was, we believe, granted in memory of a popular officer in the Regiment.

We have thus briefly sketched the history of the "Royal Welsh Fusiliers," a regiment which has seen as much service as any in the British army.

In conclusion, we can fully endorse the state-

ment of a well-known historian:

"Happy the nation which can send such men into the battle-field."



KING KOFFEE'S FAMOUS UMBRELLA.



# Tales of Dreamland.

(For Little People.)

By MAY CUMBERLAND.

## Conrad's Sacrifice.



It certainly *was* a dull spot, say what you like about it, although it was planted right in the very heart of the fairy realm, and within walking distance of the great King Gezo himself. Just one long tract of marsh country, field stretching away into field, rid-

dled with running streams—none of your cheerful, bubbling, pebbly streams, that invite you to lie beside them, and not only dream of noble actions, but spur you on to perform them—no: dirty, green, sluggish streams, that at times overflowed their marshy banks and covered almost the whole tract of land with their watery fingers.

I say almost, for however high the water came, it always left one little spot dry, and on that spot stood the cottage of Conrad's mother.

Two rooms and a few square yards of garden were all she owned, save one great treasure—little hunchbacked Conrad.

"What!" you say, "a hunchback a treasure!" Yes, even though he could not work to keep her, and, as he used to say, "was only a burden to her;" he was, indeed, the dearest thing she possessed on earth.

Little, I called him, and so he was, in size, at any rate, although he had turned sixteen years of age.

All day long he sat perched on the cottage step, and sang with the birds, murmured with the sluggish streams and looked with pride on his little garden. Nothing would grow in that wet, dank ground, save three sunflowers; two splendidly tall ones, that nodded and laughed at Conrad and each other in the sun, and bowed their golden heads when it rained; how Conrad loved them! But the great joy of his heart, was the poor



PRINCESS RUBY.

little straggling dwarf flower, that grew between the other two.

Oh, such a tiny, weak thing, "Just like me," Conrad would say, as he pointed it out each day to his mother; "and I always fancy that it is trying to reach the other two and push them apart. Look, mother, how it seems to leap up with every gust of wind, and yet," he would continue sadly, "it is always the same weak, shrivelled-up sunflower."

Day by day, as he watched the flowers grow—with them grew a great determination in his heart, that he would, like many another before him, go out into the world and make his fortune. True, he could not do much, but suppose he went to King Gezo and asked him for work that even a hunchback could do, surely that would be better than staying at home doing nothing.

His mother at first laughed at the idea, but he meant what he said, and one fine morning he kissed his mother, pressed a petal from the little sunflower against his heart, "just to keep him company," and set out for the kingdom of King Gezo.

It was a long and tiring journey, through marshland and dark forest, but at last the city of the great king burst on his gaze, just as the last rays of the setting sun lit up the golden ball at the top of the palace.

"It will be too late to ask to-night," he thought; "I must wait outside the gates until the morning," and he sat down on a pile of stones to wait till the sun should rise again.

As he sat there he heard a merry laugh and the tramp of horses' feet, and looking



"WHAT, YOU!"

up, he saw a brilliant array of riders entering the city. Their dresses and jingling harness dazzled his eyes at first, but as he grew accustomed to the glare, he gave a little gasp of ardent admiration as his eyes fell on the centre of the group.

He knew, by instinct, who it was in a moment—Princess Ruby, the eldest daughter of King Gezo. Who else but she had those

glorious violet eyes, rippling golden hair, with the little blue riding-cap set jauntily on her curls? And from the first moment of seeing her, Conrad's heart leaped into his mouth, and was gone for ever.

He followed her with his eyes as she came to the gate, and they filled with glad tears as he saw her rein up and say to the handsome, black-haired Prince at her side:

"Look, Ardine, at that poor little fellow sitting there on the cold stones." And he heard the Prince give a gay laugh as he said carelessly:

"Yes, poor wretch; don't look at him, Ruby, he will make you sad."

But she bent down and pressed into his hand a tiny golden coin. He raised his great grey eyes, full of burning tears, in mute thanks to her, and she was gone. Then the coin found a resting-place, wrapped in the flower petal, close to his heart. Early next day he was up at the palace.

"Might he mind the sheep or weed the garden?"

But he only got cuffs and blows; none could stay to listen. A terrible thing had happened: Princess Ruby had been carried away during the night by the





WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

demon king, Spitfire, who had long coveted and sought to obtain the sweet little Princess. Could nothing be done? Nothing? Yes; the demon king must be encountered and slain, and the Princess rescued. But only one could go at a time to her deliverance, for the entrance to the king's home was through a cavern so dangerously dark and small that not more than one could creep through at a time.

The weeks went by, and Conrad, minding his sheep, heard how first Prince Ardine, Ruby's lover, and then Princes from far and wide, had gone to the rescue of the Princess and had never been heard of again.

Once more his mind was made up, and once more he sought admittance at the palace gate.

King Gezo stared at his request. "What you! you, a little ugly hunchback, rescue my daughter, and claim her as your bride!" and had he not been so sad, he would have roared with laughter.

"But see, my smallness is my chief hope," cried Conrad; "why I can creep in and steal away the Princess without Spitfire hearing or seeing me."

He pleaded so piteously that gradually the King gave way. "Well go," he said;

"only you will never come back again."

Conrad set off, with a light heart, which, alas! soon grew sad and weary, as he travelled on day after day, so slowly nearing the end of his journey. But one day, as he trudged along, his poor little back almost breaking, a bottle dropped at his feet, and a soft voice said:

"You will need that, Conrad." He looked up, but seeing nothing, he picked up the bottle, and said:

"I thank you," and trudged on again. That night he entered the dark cavern. Cruel hands tried to snatch him back, huge frogs and snakes hopped and twined round him; but he trudged steadily along, with a brave little heart, straight to the burning light at the end. At last he reached it, and there, in front of him, was

a splendid hall, hung with myriads of tiny lamps, whose light bathed everything in a faint pink glow. A velvet couch ran down the centre, and asleep upon it was the demon king.

On each side were huge barren rocks, and there, chained on one side, was Princess Ruby, and on the other Prince Ardine.

As Conrad stood perplexed in the entrance of the cave, the Princess gave a great cry; then, with a yell, the demon king awoke.

Conrad paused one moment, then flourished his bottle aloft. At sight of it the King grew pale, but suddenly a broad smile came over his face, then he burst into a yell of delight.

"You have not everything yet!" he cried; "look at the bottle!"

Conrad glanced down, and his gaze fell on the label attached to the bottle's neck; he read the directions written on it eagerly:

"Swallow one dose to escape from the demon king."

One dose! and, alas! the bottle only contained two doses, and there were three to escape!

What should he do?

"One must stay," laughed Spitfire. Ruby cast an imploring look at Ardine: "I will not go without *you*," she said.

"Yes, you must go," the Prince answered; "good bye, little sweetheart; think of me."

Conrad paused, he had but to swallow one dose, and kingdom, wealth and Princess were his; but he looked from one to the other, he thought of his feeble, old mother, standing on the doorstep, shading her eyes from the sun as she looked out across the marshland for the return of her treasure; he seemed to see the flowers sun-kissed in the garden, two so brave and strong, the other so wizened and frail.

With the thought of the dwarf flower, the coin in the petal at his heart burnt

him with a fiery pain; he looked at Ruby—*she* had given it to him. He hesitated no longer.

"Here," he said; and to Prince and Princess he handed a draught.

They looked at him, then at each other, then at the barren rocks and the demon king.

Next moment they had swallowed each a dose, were locked in each other's arms and were gone.

Next morning, when Conrad's mother went into the garden to water the flowers, she saw that the struggles of the dwarf flower were over, and the two tall sun-flowers had, in the night, locked their leaves together, and none could tell which was which.



WHEN CONRAD'S MOTHER WENT INTO THE GARDEN



# *Young England at School.*

DULWICH COLLEGE.



DULWICH COLLEGE.

SOME would perhaps say that our public schools have been, like many other things of interest, done and overdone by almost every illustrated periodical; but to those I would explain that, to my mind, it has only been a pretence, and that a series of illustrations on Eton, Harrow, Rugby and Winchester alone is far from a representation of the words so often applied, "England's Great Schools," which, with the sanction of its readers, *THE LUDGATE MONTHLY* will endeavour to complete to the exact meaning of the words, and, if I mistake not, more completely than ever done before.

We, of course, cannot help but acknowledge that the four great foundations mentioned above have a great prominence over the majority of schools, and are therefore much thought of by every writer touching upon our schools: but to

stop there is a great mistake, for it is only now I consider our series is arriving at an interesting point—something new. Yes, new in every sense, for we are diving into the heart of those whom others have deemed fit to neglect. And what do we find? Why, almost everything that other schools possess—but perhaps not on such an extensive scale; but there are features of which they boast and claim as peculiar to themselves.

This I found when visiting the fine schools at Dulwich, the outcome of the munificent benevolence of Edward Alleyn, who, on June 21st, 1619, was granted letters patent to found a college at Dulwich, to endure for ever, and to consist of one master, one warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars to be maintained, educated and governed according to such ordinances

and statutes as he should make in his life-time, or as the persons nominated by him should make after his death.

The college was to be called the "College of God's Gift," and the master, warden, fellows, poor brethren, sisters and scholars were to be a body corporate, and to have power to take to them and their successors, the lands therein mentioned, and the Archbishop was to be for ever visitor of the college, and to have power over the same and the persons therein; to visit, order, and punish according to the ecclesiastical law of England, or such constitutions and ordinances as Alleyn should make. The college was formally opened 13th September, 1619, which date is accordingly regarded as the date of the foundation.

The old college, which still stands, forms three sides of a triangle, but in 1870 great changes came about, and the fine new schools were opened; and I therefore will treat with the latter first.

Dulwich is practically within the bounds of the Metropolis, and a very picturesque village of Surrey, some four and a half miles S.S.E. of St. Paul's, on the main line of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway.

On arriving at Dulwich Station, you are immediately impressed by the superior surrounding of the place, after leaving that beautiful "pea soup" atmosphere, which is characteristic of this London of ours in the colder months of the year. It is really no wonder our London schools are migrating a little farther into the country, for it is hard to describe the difference of climate, even in such a short distance. A few yards up the road to the right from the railway station, you are immedi-

ately confronted with the magnificent pile of buildings known as the new schools, the precincts of which include an area of about forty-five acres, twenty acres being devoted to the cricket fields and play-grounds.

The style of architecture adopted is that known as Northern Italian of the thirteenth century, of which splendid specimens are seen at Milan, Verona, Parma, Pavia, etc. The materials used are almost exclusively brick and terra-cotta in a variety of colours, and the roofs are covered with dull red tiles, with glass tiles inserted where light is required.

The principal feature of the buildings is the great hall, which forms the centre block; while those on either side, connected only by spacious cloisters, are the

school rooms, residences of the master of the college and the master of the upper school. This new college was formally opened on June 21st, 1870 (the anniversary of the licence to Edward Alleyn) by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in company with H.R.H. the Princess.

When I first looked upon Dulwich College, I must admit I found it far above what I had expected; and it appears very evident that the physical



EDWARD ALLEYN, THE FOUNDER.



MAIN ENTRANCE, NEW COLLEGE



branch, so necessary at all educational establishments, had been well catered for at the foundation of the new schools, judging from the abundance of ground that surrounds the buildings.

The cost of the College was estimated to reach £62,600, but before completion it was found that about £100,000 had been expended; but for this the governors have a suite of buildings which they can regard with pride—a structure at once substantial, commodious and convenient, and worthy of the prominent position which Dulwich now holds amongst the great schools of England.

The hall is a splendid structure, occupying the principal floor of the central block, reached by spacious staircases communicating with the imposing entrance hall on the ground floor, where stands the old safe, containing the ancient manuscripts and deeds of the foundation.

The dimensions of the hall are ninety-two feet in length by forty-three feet in width, and its height about fifty feet. At the eastern end there is a raised dais, available for speeches, etc., and on each side of which is built the College organ. The hall is lighted at each end by a large mullioned window, with stained glass bordering; while the tracery contains the armorial bearings of the College.

The ribs of the roof are supported on pillars of red Devonshire marble, highly polished, with richly-carved stone capitals, and standing on pedestals of terra-cotta work. A panelled oak dado runs all round the hall between the pedestals, while the panels between the pillars contain the names of scholars of Alleyn's College who have obtained scholarships

and exhibitions at the Universities. The roof is entirely of deal, and designed after the styles of those adopted for the great churches and basilicas of North Italy. The Hall serves as a place of muster for the whole school every morning, where prayers are read before entering upon their several studies. It is also used as a dining-hall for the masters and the boarders, who now number some seventy boys. This seems but a small number, but it must be remembered that the strength of Dulwich School is, now, its numerous day scholars. On the same

floor as the Great Hall and entered by the door immediately at the top of the south staircase, is the College library, the interior of which forms one of our illustrations. This is indeed a splendid acquisition to the College, and a favourite haunt of both masters and boys. It is most interesting to note that the curious chimney-piece (as seen in our picture) was originally erected in the old library, and constructed from a portion of Queen Elizabeth's state barge, which Alleyn purchased in the

reign of her successor, when the barge was broken up.

On the ground-floor, the lecture theatre, the laboratories and class-rooms occupy the whole space, together with the noble entrance hall already referred to.

The front of the College, shown in our illustration as the main entrance, looks westward, but the rear of the building, looking eastward, to my idea, has the most commanding view; and the whole buildings, though exceedingly fine, are of such an uniformity that I may be excused from entering into further particulars regarding them, more especially as I have yet



A. H. GILKES, ESQ., M.A., HEAD MASTER.



FOOTBALL GROUP THE COLLEGE FIFTEEN

to touch upon those portions of this foundation which I considered the most interesting.

After a chat with the Headmaster, Mr. A. H. Gilkes, M.A., who was very busy superintending the laying of drain pipes over the football ground on the east side of the Great Hall, I visited the low, red-brick building on the south side of the Headmaster's house, over which rises that

colossal glassarium, the "Crystal Palace." Mr. Gilkes had assured me I would find something interesting here, and sure enough

I did. It was a Wednesday afternoon, and the vast playing-grounds were alive with the boys, playing what they term "footer." Some of the masters were equally enjoying a game at tennis, on a capital asphalt court at the rear of the gymnasium, while others were tak-

ing more steady exercise at the ancient game of golf. As regards the latter game, I at first considered the ground, though excellent in size, was too void of the requisite hazards to render proper play, but I was soon convinced otherwise when I found that the aid of brick walls and hedges had been called upon to diversify the flatter portion of the links.

At football there were some eight or ten fifteens going ahead, playing under Rugby rules. The College fifteen, of which a photograph will be noticed above (with the main entrance to the College in the background), have been, so far, very successful this season, and anticipate ending up with a good record. I happened to visit the school when the fifteen from Bedford Grammar School were trying



LIBRARY. WITH CHIMNEY-PIECE MADE FROM PORTION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S STATE BARGE



conclusions with the College team.

This match is the greatest event during the football season, and a wonderful amount of interest is centred upon the result, while great numbers of scholars, past pupils, and parents line the field of battle.

The game ended in a draw, and the teams afterwards dined in the Great Hall, the Headmaster presiding. On my way home I joined the visitors, who were being escorted to the station by the home team. The

latter raised three hearty cheers for "the Bedford Grammar School" as the train moved out of the station, and as the echo followed us up the line, I could not help remarking that the good fellowship displayed throughout the match had continued to the end.

Dulwich is well known for supplying both the 'varsities and our country with good athletes. Amongst these C. M. Wells stands at the present time in great esteem with all "Alleynians." For his 'varsity (Cambridge). Wells has gained his double "blue"—cricket and football—and has now taken further honours by winning his international cap, having been this year chosen to represent Eng-



CENTRAL BLOCK, NEW COLLEGE.

land against Yorkshire and against Scotland.

The new buildings to which I have already made reference, as abounding with interest, contains the engineering school, large swimming-bath, gymnasium, music-rooms, fives courts, and a separate zinc structure called the carpenters' shop, all of which have been built now just over seven years.

The engineering side, as it is called, is indeed unique, and ranks next in value to the splendid school library.

Of this department we give two illustrations, one showing the students at work with the lathes in the engineers' shop, and the other showing the capital six-



OLD SAFE IN ENTRANCE HALL, NEW COLLEGE.

horse-power engine fixed in the lecture room, specially built for the school. Besides four good lathes, the engineers' shop possesses drilling machine, forge, and every appliance for casting and moulding; and instruction is given to those mechanically inclined, by a thoroughly practical engineer. The floor above is fitted as the physical laboratories, and on the occasion of lectures it is possible to light the different rooms with electricity, from a dynamo made

by the boys using this school. The old boys, as well as the present scholars, are allowed access to the engineering department; but it is understood, that, only outside of school hours are the boys to use this instructive branch of the College.

The gymnasium receives good support, and, under the new instructor,

Mr. T. Hawkins (well known in the British army as fencing instructor), it is anticipated that the standard of gymnastics at Dulwich will be well kept up; and at the Public Schools' Competition on the 24th of March, I shall look forward to the two representatives from Dulwich coming out with honours. The swimming bath is a very large one, which, during the winter months, is used as an addition to the "gym." for fencing, boxing, etc.

The Cadet Corps was raised in 1878, by the Rev. G. C. Gull, M.A., now Headmaster, Hackney School, London. It was taken over, in 1886, by the Rev.

G. C. Allen, and carried on by him until he retired on appointment to Headmaster of Cranleigh Grammar School, Surrey, when it was taken over by the present commander, the Rev. E. G. Ashwin: his staff consisting of Lieutenants W. R. M. Leake (assistant master), and J. K. S. Fleming (prefect), the colour sergeant is H. N. S. Grant (prefect), and their instructor Sergeant-Major F. G. Peale, (late Sergeant-Major, 2nd R. W. K. Regiment).

The corps attends the annual camping of public schools at Aldershot, besides taking part in other Field Days with

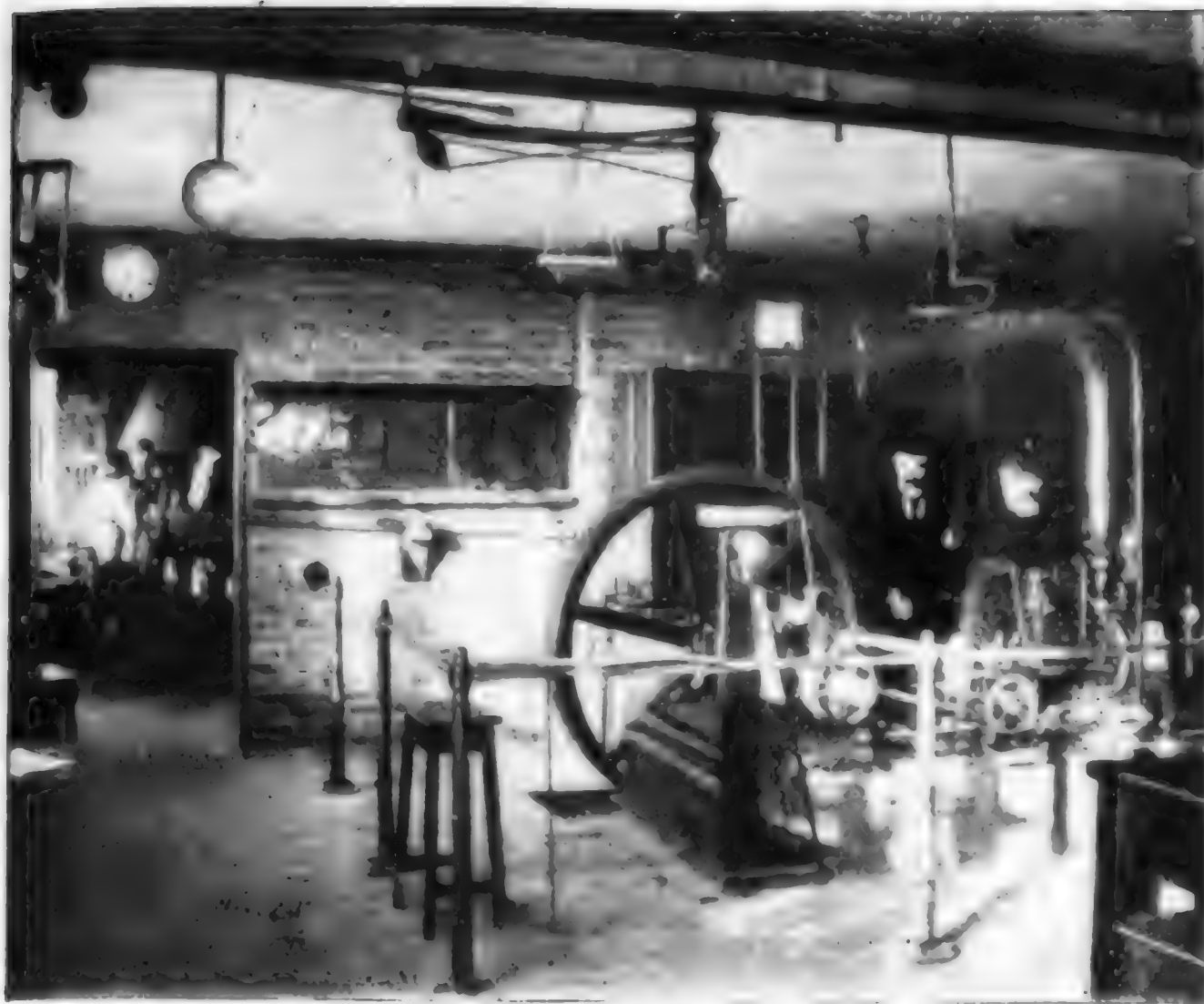


ENGINEERS SHOP



CADET CORPS OF DULWICH COLLEGE.





ENGINEERING LECTURE ROOM.

other schools during the year; they are also represented at Wimbledon or Bisley yearly, and won the Cadets' Trophy in 1879, and the Ashburton Shield in 1886; they also won the Spencer Cup in 1887, and tied for the same the two following years, viz., 1888, '89.

The corps is attached to the First Surrey Rifles V. B., head-quarters at Flodden Road, Camberwell.

Dulwich College varies considerably from the other schools I have been pleased to write upon, as regards the number of boarders, and may in a sense be termed a high-class day school, as, out of the seven or eight hundred scholars attending the College, there are but seventy boarders, who are allowed only to board at the four boarding-houses

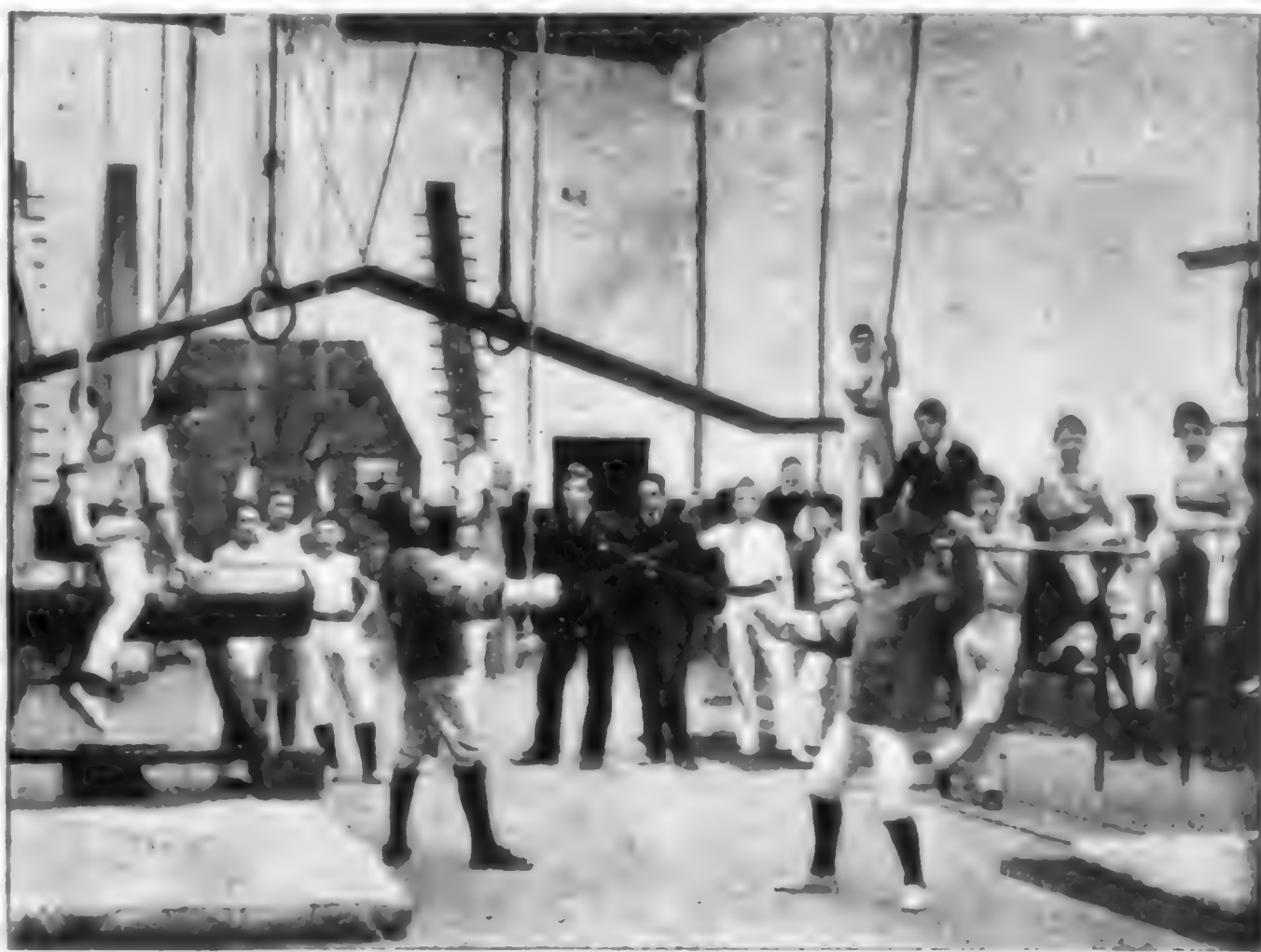
under the supervision and control of the Master of the College.

Boys are admitted to the College between the ages of eight and fifteen years, and are required to pass an examination, graduated according to age.

The College fees include all charges whatever for instruction in the several departments, with the exception of books and stationery, and such materials as are required in the chemical and drawing depart-

ments, which the boys supply at their own cost.

The schools fees are:—for sons of residents in the privileged districts (namely, the parishes of St. Giles, Camberwell; St. Botolph, Bishopsgate; St. Luke, Finsbury; and St. Saviour, Southwark): under thirteen years of age, £12 a year; above thirteen years of age, £15



GYMNASIUM.

a-year. For all others: under thirteen years of age, £15 a-year; above thirteen years of age, £18 a-year. The charges for boarding varies from forty-five to fifty-five guineas a-year, covering all expenses, exclusive of College fees.

A dinner in the Great Hall is provided daily for all boys attending the school, whether day boys or boarders, and tickets can be obtained from the clerk's office at the following nominal charges:—

Terminal tickets for four days in the week, £2 8s., twelve shillings extra to include Wednesdays and Saturdays, and single tickets can be had at one shilling each.

Mr. Gilkes, the present Headmaster, is a great favourite at the school: he is loved by the boys and respected by their parents, and those who, like myself,



REV. GEORGE W. DANIELL, CHAPLAIN, COLLEGE CHAPEL.

should have the pleasure of conversing with him, will confirm my statement that Dulwich College and those connected with it are fortunate in having so conscientious a man to guide and govern the portion of "Young England at School" at Dulwich.

I am afraid many of my readers will consider I have commenced my remarks by placing the cart before the horse; but my visit to the Old Dulwich College was not made until I had made my ac-

quaintance with the new one, which, as I have remarked before, is the first thing that attracts one's notice on journeying to Dulwich.

The Old School is reached from the Dulwich Station by turning to the right, as though going to the New College, and taking the first road on the left, at the corner of which a sign-board reads: "To the Picture Gallery."

Some four hundred yards along this country road you reach, on the right, a peculiar building, without windows, standing a little way from the road and entered by two double iron gates, north and south. This is the Picture Gallery of the College, about which I will have more to say later, as it claims something more than passing notice.

Connected with the Picture Gallery, but a few strides farther along the road, is the old foundation of Edward Alleyn, who is



CHAPLAIN'S HOUSE AND SOUTH SIDE OF CHAPEL.





THE OLD COLLEGE.

"They were two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like." In 1593 the plague in London put an end to Alleyn's theatrical career, as far as the Metropolis was concerned, and, taking his company through the country, he was afterwards spoken of as the strolling player.

Leaving his wife at Bank-side (where he had part interest with Henslowe, of the Rose Theatre and the Fortune in Cripplegate), with her mother and sister, several letters were sent by Alleyn to his wife, and are now amongst the many preserves in that precious "safe" which forms one of our illustrations, and

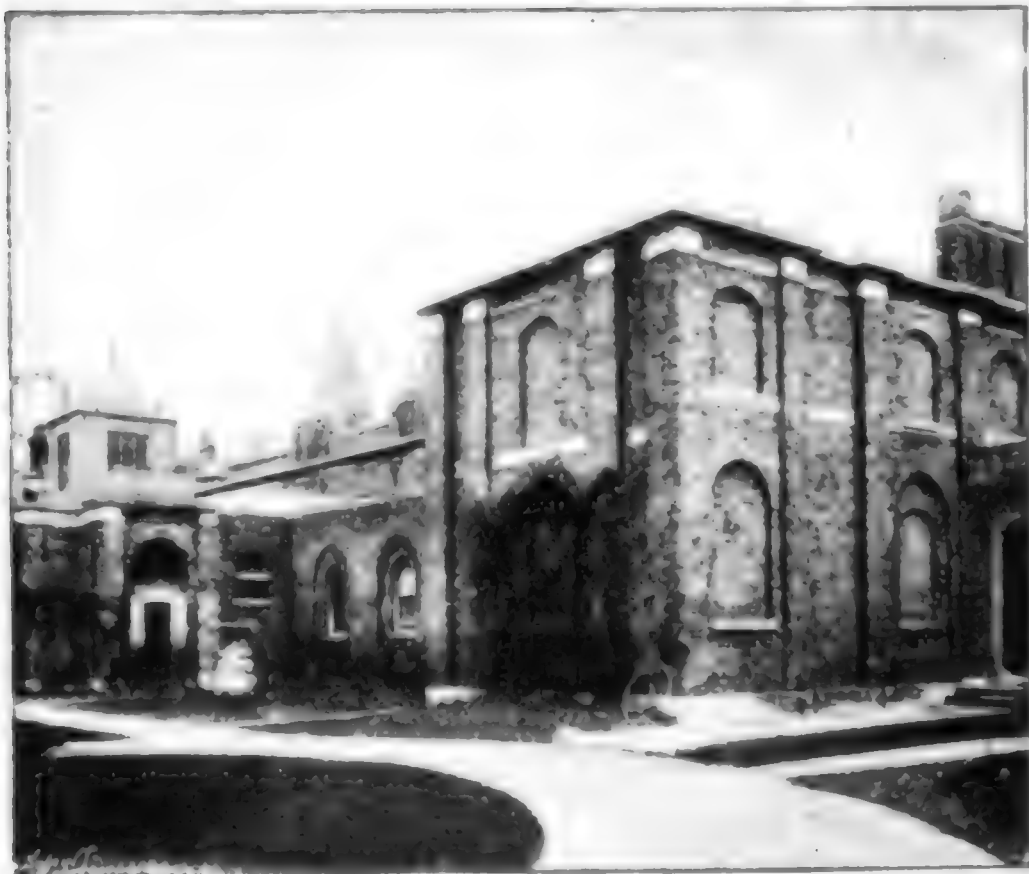
said to have been born in the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, September 1st,

has, in days gone by, been the "bank" of a good many.

1566. In his time Alleyn played many parts—the skilful actor, the successful manager, the country squire, the faithful husband, the firm friend, the generous alms-giver and the founder of a college; but even the noble benefactor could not have formed the slightest idea that the seed he was about to sow would grow to such magnitude as it has done since the two railways have run through that district. Alleyn appears to have attained extraordinary ability and celebrity as an actor in an age prolific beyond all others in dramatic talent—as Fuller, in his "Worthies," describes him as "the Roscius of our age, so acting to the life that he makes any part (especially a majestick one) to become him." Baker also, speaking of Alleyn and Burbage, says:



COLLEGE CHAPEL.



EXTERIOR OF PICTURE GALLERY.

These documents are indeed interesting, and I cannot help condensing my remarks in order to copy, if only one:—

“To E. Alline, on the bankside.

“My good sweete harte and loving mouse. I send the a thousand comendations, wishing thee as well as well may be, and hoping thou art in good helth,

with my father, mother and sister. I have no newes to send thee, but I thank God we ar all well, and in helth, which I pray God to continew with us in the contry, and with you in London.

“But, mouse, I littell thought to hear that which I now hear by you, for it is well knowne, they say, that you wear by my lorde maiors officer mad to rid in a cart, you and all your fellowes, which I ame sorry to hear; but you may thank your ij suporters, your stronge leges I mene, that would nott cary you away, but lett you fall into the hands of such Tarmagants. But, mouse, when I com hom, I'll be revenged on em: tell when, mouse, I bid the fayer-well. I prethee send me word

how thou doste, and do my harty comendations to my father, mother, and sister, and to thy own self, and so swett harte, the lord bless thee. From Chellmsford, the 2 of Maye, 1593.

“thyn ever, and nobodies els, by God of heaven.

“Edward Alleyn.

“Farewell meeho mousin, and mouse, and farewell bess dodipoll.”



DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY.

NOEL JOSEPH DESENFANS.  
FOUNDER OF GALLERY.

Alleyn lies buried in the College Chapel, in front of the reading-desk, with his two wives: the memorial slab (which will be seen in our illustration) bears the following inscription respecting the munificent founder, who survived the opening of the College and Chapel seven years.

“Here Lyeth the Bodie of Edward Alleyn, Esq., the founder of this Church and College, who died the 21st day of Nov., A.D. 1626. Aetat 61.”

The Chapel, in 1823, was greatly enlarged, and a gallery erected along the south side.

\* Dr. Dodipoll was a character in a play of the time, and hence, perhaps, the nickname.



The Rev. George W. Daniell, the present Chaplain, whose portrait we give with a view of his house (once a portion of the old school and boarding-house) is held in high esteem in his parish. The boarders of the College attend the Sunday Service, but, as I am informed, the Chapel is some little under-endowed; and the greater part of the pretty little Chapel is therefore let to the residents of the neighbourhood, who are more than willing to contribute to its maintenance.

The Picture Gallery occupied my last visit to Dulwich, and I therefore make it the subject of my closing remarks.

The gallery was first opened to the public in 1817, and the collection of paintings now numbers nearly four hundred and fifty.

One I was particularly taken with (which we reproduce amongst our illustrations): it represents Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen when Princess Victoria, aged four years.

This painting was executed by

Mr. Stephen Pointz Denning, who was appointed Keeper (or, as he was called, Custodio) of the Gallery, 1820. Her Majesty is here represented standing, full-length figure, wearing a large black hat with feathers, black velvet pelisse, sable fur round the neck and crossed over the chest, grey gloves, one of which is held in the right hand.

After visiting the small cottage, joining the College, occupied by Mr. Hodgkins, the present Superintendent, whose bright old face was quite in keeping with his ancient charge, I was pleased to sit down and chat with my new friend, who, like all previous keepers, is an artist by profession.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

*[Our Illustrations are from Photographs specially taken for this Magazine by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, from whom Photographic Copies can be obtained.]*

The following Schools have recently appeared in THE LUDGATE:—Harrow, Rugby, Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and Christ's Hospital.



HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN WHEN PRINCESS VICTORIA, AGED FOUR YEARS  
(From a Painting in the Gallery by S. P. DENNING.)



By ARTHUR W. THOMPSON.

"**I** AM afraid, Jack, that we are both in the same boat?"

"Yes, Charles, old man, I'm afraid so."

"Then let us understand each other clearly, once for all."

Two young men had just left a house in Vincent Square, and this little conversation took place as they lighted their cigars at the foot of the steps.

One could tell at a glance that they were brothers—brothers who were, at the same time, chums. Jack, the taller of the two, was softer voiced, softer eyed than Charles; but apart from this slight difference in eyes and voice, the brothers were as good a pair as Castor and Pollux.

All through life the two brothers had held together, in the same form at school, the same boat at college, and now at the threshold of life, journalists both, there had come to them the same love, and for the selfsame woman. Together they had been introduced to Nathalie Field, and as chums will, they had discussed her face, form and character; at first freely, then with a scarcely felt restraint—a restraint that

had crept between them slowly, with cold hands, as it were, on their hearts to push them apart. Now the climax had come, and the two friends, facing each other, and before her house, waited for the declaration of war.

"Then let us understand each other once and for all."

They turned and strode off together among the London lights. Jack was the first to break the silence.

"Charles, do you remember what we said in the dormitory at Repton?"

"Remember it? Of course I do. We said that nothing should ever come between us; not even a woman. But what is the good? 'Man proposes,' etc. etc."

"And woman disposes," put in Jack, with a forced laugh. "I can see you love her. I read you like an open book. I have not told her yet. Have you?"

"No."

Charles knocked the ash from his cigar, and seemed about to speak; but after a pause, he put the cigar into his mouth, and the brothers puffed away in unison.

"Well," said Jack, "I



"I SHALL PROPOSE TO-MORROW."



suppose it must be each for himself, eh, Charles ?

"Afraid so ; open war."

"I've got an article to write for to-morrow on 'How the poor try to live,' so I'll think it over before I come in. Good night."

"Good night."

The two brothers shook hands and turned away. At about ten paces distance, they stopped and, turning round, said simultaneously : —

"I shall propose to-morrow."

Nathalie Field lay back among the cushions in her boudoir. The book had fallen from her hands. With her hands folded behind her head, she gazed into the fire, lost in thought. Long thoughts they must have been, for the fire fell to pieces and the clock struck two before she rose, and, drawing back the curtains, stood looking out into the night. "I believe I love them both," she said slowly, and sighed. She had good cause to sigh for it is not every maid who has the misfortune to love one personality and find that it is made up of two individuals.

Since the first visit, this personality of the two brother journalists had been winding itself round the heart of Nathalie Field. She thought of these two brothers as one lover. The tones of Jack Euan's soft, deep voice, the clear, incisive ideas of Charles Euan combined so perfectly with their personal resemblance, that it was only when Nathalie looked at the affair from the very church door, as it were, that she realised that she had two distinct lovers, and that she could not marry them both. Nathalie Field had never been trained for such a contingency ; that was why she sighed.

When the two brothers parted with declarations of war buzzing in their ears

and the face of Nathalie before their eyes, each pondered his tactics, and each did so with a perfect knowledge of the character of his rival.

Jack Euan was imaginative and unpractical. He wrote the literary criticisms for the *Evening Herald*. Occasionally too, he wrote a short story : "stopping," as it was called. Charles Euan was practical and unimaginative. His leaders on the "Labour Question," or "Demerits of the Broad Gauge" were marvels of clear-headed insight. So it was that

when Jack thought on his rival, who was also his brother, he laid his trust in his luck.

He always considered Charles

his superior mentally,

"but women are not won by intellect," he reasoned, "and I'm

certain she like my stuff in the *Herald* better than his."

Then thoughts of rivalry gave place to dreams of love, and as he strode on, he recalled her looks, her

words from the moment when she first shook hands with him five short weeks ago ; when too he had a brother who was not a rival.

Thoughts of Nathalie had taken the worried look from his face : and the young journalist walked with his head back and his arms swinging, in happy oblivion of his whereabouts or of the time. A policeman stopped him to ask the time.

"Gad," said Jack, in amazement, "why it's nearly three o'clock. Where am I, constable ?"

"Shadwell, sir ; hardly the sort of place to stroll round at this time o'night. We've had some nasty work lately, sir, along o' the strikes and other things, and swells aint popular, sir. Good-night."

Jack Euan stopped for a moment to take his bearings, and then turned sharp off at an angle for the Commercial Road.

The stillness of the streets was broken only by the sound of his footsteps ; while now and again a hoarse drunken voice,



"I BELIEVE I LOVE THEM BOTH."

shouting a fragment of a music-hall song, varied with the chiming of the church clocks, served to remind him that he was in "the city of dreadful night." He walked on, but without recognising in the maze of alleys and streets, any clue to his whereabouts. Suddenly his feet caught in something on the pavement, and he fell heavily. In the half light of the street lamps, he saw the body of a woman stretched before him on the ground. He knelt down and examined the figure. All thoughts of love had gone, and he was no longer a lover but an avid journalist on the scent of some "Horrible Atrocity." He struck a match. The body lay in a very ugly attitude, and round the head, which was strangely twisted, there was a pool of something dark. Jack did not shout for help; he took out his pocket book, dotted down the time and a graphic description of the place and of the body. He even examined the seedy black dress and the crushed, stained bonnet. If only he could keep the affair quiet, what a score for his journal! "Terrible murder in the East End" and all the other papers in the dark. He leant over the body for a last look, when in a second he was thrown on his back. A heavy knee pressed his chest and two firm hands clutched his throat.

"Think I've got yer at last," said a deep voice. "You'd best not struggle, or I'll knock the murderous brains out of ye."

A policeman's whistle rang out, clear and sharp. Windows were opened and a score of coarse voices shouted, "What's up, constable?"

Then Jack Euan recognised his position. "You've made a mistake," he gasped to the policeman who held him. "I'm a newspaper man, not a murderer; I'll come quietly to the station; you needn't throttle me."

Two other constables had come up. Two of them took Jack between them and started at a good pace for the station.

"We'd better step out a bit," said one; "if these blokes come out they'll about tear us to bits."

The street was already alive with men and women, since those who sleep in their clothes do not take long to dress, without the extra incentive of a police whistle.

Jack Euan, hurried along between the policemen, with blood on his hands and the shouts and the curses of the mob in his ears, felt at once the horror and humour of his position.

The mob, swelling at every step, pressed round them with howls and curses. Mud was hurled, and the women began to scream, "Lynch 'im, throttle the brute!"

Jack's captors started at a run, but they gained the police station none too soon, for as they went up the steps the mob charged. Jack felt himself seized by the collar from behind and hurled against the door-post of the police station.

"Just in time" said the Inspector as the constables dragged the journalist inside and slammed the door.

Charles Euan rose early, splashed around in his tub, and proceeded to



HE LEANT OVER FOR A  
LAST LOOK.



dress carefully. He had already put aside three ties, and was carefully manipulating the fourth when a cab drove up, and the landlady, knocking at the door, said, "Please, sir, there's a policeman to see you."

Charles put on a dressing-gown and went down. Without a word, the constable handed him a sheet torn from a note-book. Taking the crumpled paper, he read:

"DEAR CHARLES,—I've got into trouble over reporting a 'Horrible Atrocity,' and been run in and nearly lynched as the murderer. I have written to the Chieftain (the Editor), but he thinks I have done the thing to get copy for the *Herald*, and has wired to me, 'Stick tight and work up a column for to-morrow's issue.' Please come down in hansom with the bearer and explain.

"JACK.

"P.S. Excuse this scrawl, but the confounded mob have broken my arm."

"Take a seat and some whiskey" said Charles to the policeman. Then he sat down and dashed off the following note to his brother—

"DEAR JACK,—Sorry to hear of your trouble, but this ought to be a warning to you not to be too enterprising for the sake of 'Horrible Atrocities.' I can't come down at once because, as I told you last night, I am going to propose to Nathalie Field to-day. It won't take me long, however, and I will come to you immediately I know my fate. Yours, CHARLES.

"P.S. Get the Divisional Surgeon to see your arm *at once*. You ought to work this into a good thing for the *Morning Herald*."

He folded the note carefully, and handed it to the constable. "Then, I suppose you understand by now, that you have caught a journalist instead of a cut-throat?"

"Yes, sir. I suppose we have made a mistake."

"I think so. You Metropolitan Police are an excellent body of men. But by this time to-morrow, your prisoner will be explaining to the British public that you are a body of excellent fools. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

Two hours later Charles Euan was talking to Nathalie Field. Talking love,



"P.S. EXCUSE THIS SCRAWL"

coolly and quietly, with neither hurry in his words nor throb in his voice.

"I have told you how I love you, Nathalie. Will you be my wife?"

Nathalie Field made no answer. She was thinking that this was her lover in face, form and attitude, but, with something missing. There was not that tone in his voice she had dreamt of. The eyes that looked at her were not the eyes that haunted her. She looked up and said quietly, "Where is your brother?"

Charles Euan handed her his brother's note, but as he did so his hand shook; something told him that he was playing a losing game.

Watching her as she read, he saw her face change as though something hurt her. "And you have not been to him?" she said.

"No, I waited until I had your answer."

"I do not think," she said, "we will wait so long. I—we will go to him now. He is your brother."

She put on her mantle and hat, and he

watched in silence as she arranged a heavy veil. "I am ready," she said. "Fancy poor Jack in a dreadful police station."

Then he called a cab, and they rattled away to Shadwell.

Charles left her in the Inspector's room, and was shown into another room where he found his brother, one arm in a sling, a pipe in his mouth, and a pot of beer before him, scribbling away at a great rate. He jumped up as Charles entered. "Hullo, so you've come at last."

"Yes," answered Charles slowly. "But I proposed to her, you know."

"You've had the pull of me," said Jack. "It's just my cursed luck to get run in like this at the wrong moment; anyhow I congratulate you. I've made three columns out of this affair for the *Herald*."

"She won't give me an answer until she has seen you," put in Charles. "She is waiting upstairs; shall I ask her to come in?"

Jack put down his pen and looked at

his brother. "You're not making a fool of me?"

He put his pipe in his pocket, the pewter pot under the table, and carefully arranged the bandage round his arm.

"Now I'm ready, and if you love me, Charles, tell her that I'm sadly altered and pale."

Charles having taken Nathalie to his brother, left them and waited anxiously in the room above, until he heard a cheerful voice call, "Hi, Charles." So cheerful was the summons that it was not with surprise he saw Jack with his sound arm round Nathalie's waist. "Congratulate me, old man: I've won. And you can tell the Inspector that there is no special hurry to release me. I rather like this place. It's quite comfortable."

"After all," mused Charles, as he tipped the constable and walked home alone, "she was not the girl for me; too much influenced by circumstances." That night he wrote a brilliant article for the *Herald* on "The Sentimentality of Women."





Words by GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE.

Music by THEO. BONHEUR.

*Andante moderato.*

*p legato.*

PIANO.

*p*

In the tem-ple of hope . . . by the vale of des-pair . . . I kneel at the

*p legato.*

shrine . . in deep fer-vent prayer, And falt-'ring plead . . through a deep mist of

*cres.* *rall.* *animato.*

tears . . For a bightray of hope . . to shine thro' my fears ; . . For shadows have

*cres.* *rall.*

*a tempo.* *cres.* *rall.*

crept . . . round my heart like the night . . . And darkened the star . . . of my beacon's

*a tempo. animato.* *cres.* *rall.*

*ritard.* *mf* *Andante moderato.*

light. . . Ah! shine . . . o'er me, hope, . . . thy

*ritard.* *mf*

bright . . . ma-gic spell, . . . And charm . . . to my arms . . . for

*f* *più lento.*

ev - er to dwell, . . . Star . . . of my soul,

*f* *più lento.*

*dim.* *cres. e accel.*

dew . . . of my heart, Safe . . . for ev - er,

*dim.* *cres. e accel.*



*molto cres.*

nev - er to part, . . Safe . . for ev - er,

*molto cres.*

*dim. e rall.*

nev - er to part. . . *a tempo.*



*mf animato.*

*Allegretto.*

Tis for

*dim.* *rall.*

you . . . that my heart . . . cries a - loud . . . in its pain, . . . 'Tis for

*cres.* *mf*

you . . . that mine eyes . . . look a - gain . . . and a - gain, . . . 'Tis for

*cres.*

you . . . that I sing . . . the sweet songs . . . as of yore, . . . And

*p* *rall.*

dream where we dreamt by the sad sea shore. . . . O,

*p* *accel.* *mf*

*animato.* *rall. un poco.* *accel.*

an - swer me, love, is my hope false or true? I an

*mf animato.* *rall.* *accel.*



# IN THE TEMPLE OF HOPE.

629

*cres.* wait - ing, dear heart, I am wait - ing for you, I am

*cres.* wait - ing for you, I am

*cres.* wait - ing for you! Ah!

*rit.* *molto rit.* *mf*

*rit.* *dim. e rallentando.*

*Andante moderato.* *mf* shine . . . o'er me, hope, . . . thy bright . . . ma - gic spell, . . . And

*mf* charm . . . to my arms . . . for ev - er to dwell.

*f* *più lento.* *dim.*  
Star . . . of my soul, dew . . . of my heart,

*cres. e accel.* *molto cres.*  
Safe . . . for ev - er, nev - - er to part, . . .

*f* *f* *ff* *trem.*  
Safe forev - er, nev - er . . . to part. . .

*Andante moderato.* *mf*  
shine . . . o'er me, hope, . . . thy bright . . . ma - gic spell, . . . And

charm . . . to my arms . . . for ev - er to dwell. . .



*f* *più lento.* *dim.*  
 Star . . . of my soul, dew . . . of my heart,  
*f* *più lento.* *dim.*  
*cres. e accel.* *molto cres.*  
 Safe . . . for ev - er, nev - er to part, . . .  
*cres. e accel.* *molto cres.*  
*f* *ff* *frem.*  
 Safe forev - er, nev - er . . . to part. . .  
*f* *ff* *ff*





MR. THEO. BONHEUR,  
The Composer of the Song, "In the Temple of Hope."

**T**HIS popular composer was born in 1857; he studied for some time under Gounod, also in Germany. His first real efforts in composing occurred at the age of fifteen, and consisted of several part songs, which were sung at the St. James's Hall. Since then he has been continually in front of the public; he has scored numerous successes under various *noms de plume*, notably that of Oscar Verne, this name being borne on the following good songs: "The King's Courier," "The Tempest King," "In Sunny Spain," "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," "Half-past Kissing Time," and many others. But it is under his own name that he has become famous through his numerous songs, which comprise over two hundred. The following will bring his name back to our readers: "The King's Own," "Star of the Desert," "Empress of the Sea;" the words of the last two are by Mr. George Arthur Binnie. Also "Lassie," "Westward Ho!" "Nursie," "Boys of the Regiment," "Jack's Wedding," and "The Promise of the King." Amongst his latest, considerable interest will be aroused in "The Prayer in the Storm," words by A. Horspool, of "Ora pro Nobis" fame. The full force and character of the composer has been concentrated in this effort, and the refrain has all the elements of a big success. The publishers are Willis and Co., 32, Castle Street. Prominent amongst his duets are "The Battle Eve."

Amongst his instrumental pieces rank many choice morsels for the violin, notably, "The Olde and New" Gavotte.

For the piano, he is represented by a very large number of popular pieces, especially in his distinctive character efforts, such as: "The Dance of the Witches," "The Imps' Revels," "Pit-a-Pat" Polka, "Vienna," published by Orsborn and Co., 61, Berners Street; "Dance Excentrique," "The Dance of the Lilliputians" and "The Orange Blossoms" Intermezzo. His last intermezzo, "Hypatia," is dedicated to that charming actress, Miss Julia Neilson. His marches will be remembered by "The Old Minster" March, and "The Echoes of St. Peter;" his last, which bears the portrait of the Duke of York, entitled, "The Royal George," should command fame. As a waltz writer, perhaps few have attained more success: "Love's Golden Dream" reached a sale of nearly a quarter of a million, and "Dream Memories," published by the London Publishing Company, bids fair to out-rival even this large sale; it is founded on Lindsay Lennox's charming song, "Mine Alone." "When the Lights are Low" and "Nuit d'Amour" are also great favourites with the public bands.

He is, at present, engaged on a comic opera, and a good deal of his time is taken up in revising. His name will live for years to come as the author of the only "Tutor" which has been universally praised by the press; at a recent sale it was bought, for a figure not far short of a thousand pounds, by Ed. St. Quentin. The song which appears in this number can be obtained from Howard and Co., 25, Great Marlborough Street.



# Mr. Fordham's Strange Cases.

BY HUBERT GRAYLE.

## No. 1.—Three White Hairs.

**T**HE firm of Willard, Son and Darke, Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, was at one time known throughout legal circles for the variety and magnitude of their business.

Death, however, severed the partnership, and Mr. John Willard, Senior, had, since the premature death of his son, John Willard, Junior, taken but little part in the management of the firm, and thus practically I, William Darke, remained the sole active partner.

As time went by, Mr. Willard entered less and less into the ordinary business of the office; and, except in cases of extraordinary complication, or where he had special knowledge of matters in hand, he was seldom troubled, and, in fact, he declined to be consulted unless it was by an old client who, from length of acquaintanceship, was also an old friend.

"Darke, I wish you would come into my room for a few minutes," said Mr. John. Senior, one morning, as he popped his head into my private sanctum. Following him into his office I found one of our oldest clients, Jonas Perry, seated in the easy chair which stood close

to Mr. Willard's desk for the accommodation of our friends whilst reciting their woes or soliciting advice. Shaking hands with Mr. Perry, who was rather a favourite of mine, my partner said: "Mr. Perry is in sad trouble, and as I have to go to Bristol by the one-fifteen this afternoon, you had better take his case in hand, as it requires immediate attention."

Jonas Perry was a man of forty-eight to fifty years of age, with a cheery, rosy face, bushy side whiskers, but otherwise clean-shaven; well built, and although a thorough man of the world, yet, withal, of a kindly and frank disposition. He was proprietor of one of our largest London hotels, "The Adelaide," and was prosperous and well-to-do.

"We may as well go into my room, Mr. Perry," I suggested, "where we shall be undisturbed."

As soon as we were comfortably seated, my client told me his worry; and, to be brief, I will relate the story in his own words:

"For some time past," he commenced, "I have been receiving constant complaints from people who come to my house of losses or thefts of va-



MY CLIENT TOLD ME HIS WORRY.

rious articles of jewellery : rings, bracelets, brooches, pins and such like valuable ornaments—they simply disappear from the bedrooms as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up, leaving no trace as to where they have gone and no clue for us to go on.

“Take an instance. A lady declares positively that when she retired to rest she took off her bracelet and placed it, with her rings and a brooch, on the dressing-table, and in the morning the bracelet has gone—vanished. Neither she nor her husband were aroused in the night by any suspicious noise. The bed-room door was locked at night and remained locked in the morning : the window was bolted—there only remained the chimney, and as there was a fire in the hearth, signs of a visitor that way one would imagine would have been apparent had this mode of entrance been availed of, but the ashes were undisturbed.

“A second instance. Another lady, a very frequent visitor, has twice lost jewellery. She occupied different bedrooms on each occasion of her losses. Her first loss was a diamond ring of not great value, ten or twelve pounds ; her last loss was a more valuable ring. In both instances she had laid the rings down, together with the rest of her ornaments, on her dressing-table, and in the morning they were gone. No noise had been heard by either her or her husband. The doors were locked and the windows bolted when they retired, and remained so in the morning. The rest of her things were as she had placed them, as far as she remembered.

“Half-a-dozen or more cases of a similar sort have occurred, and, in fact, the house is getting talked about. I must put a stop to it somehow.”

“How long has this been going on ?” I questioned.

“About four months,” Mr. Perry replied. “I have had a good detective, named Graham, in the house for the last month, and whilst he has been there there have

been three disappearances of various articles. The last happened yesterday evening or early this morning, and was the worst of the lot so far as the intrinsic value is concerned.

“The missing ornament this time was a very handsome diamond and pearl brooch which cost three hundred and eighty-five guineas. The owner and her husband, the latter, by-the-way, is a very great friend of mine, went to the theatre last night and returned about a quarter to twelve, when they had a little supper before retiring for the night. As they were going upstairs to their rooms I passed them on the landing, and we had a chat for a minute or two.

At that time the lady was wearing the brooch, for I saw it fastened at her throat myself. Next morning my friend sent for me and informed me it was not to be found. It had been laid on the dressing-table by his wife, with her rings and other things, as she took them off, and now it was not to be seen. The door and window were both fastened, as in previous instances.

“The whole thing is a perfect mystery to me, but it’s got to be solved, or the hotel will be ruined.”

“Are you sure no one was secreted in the room ?” I asked.

“Yes,” Mr. Perry replied. “I sent immediately for the detective, and he made a thorough search of the room

—examined every possible and impossible receptacle without finding a trace of the thief.”

“Does this detective hold out any hope ?”

“Not a particle,” replied Mr. Perry ; “he’s completely nonplussed, like the rest of us ; and although it’s his business to catch thieves, I honestly confess I cannot find fault with him, for there’s not an iota of evidence to lay hold of. He has, at different times, found opportunities of examining the rooms of all the servants occupied in the hotel, and has gone through their boxes surreptitiously, but all to no purpose.”



MR. FORDHAM.



"Well, I really don't see how I can aid you," I remarked; "but wait a minute, let us have Mr. Fordham in: perhaps he can find a gleam of light in all this darkness." Ringing the bell, I desired the clerk who answered it to send him to me. While we are waiting, let me give the reader a brief sketch of this man. Mr. Fordham had been with us for more years than I care to remember. In appearance he was tall and thin—not angular, but all bone and muscle; he looked somewhere about thirty-five years of age, but must have been nearly another ten years older. His features were regular, with a clean-shaven, pale olive face—not a pasty sal-low—with deep, dark-brown eyes. His hair was short and crisp and almost black, with scarcely a tinge of grey yet showing. He had a not inconsiderable private fortune of his own, and was in every respect a gentleman. His position with us was rather an anomalous one. Ostensibly and in fact he was our confidential clerk, but his time was oftener occupied in tracing out intricate matters usually given over to private enquiry agents, and in which he had proved himself many a time an adept of the highest class.

When Mr. Fordham came in, I asked him to be seated, and related the whole case to him, just as my client had given it to me.

For a minute or two Fordham sat looking at the fire, then, turning to Mr. Perry, said: "Do these thefts occur pretty regularly—by that I mean with a certain interval between each—or quite irregularly?"

"Quite irregularly," replied Perry. "Sometimes two in a week, then, perhaps, a month or more elapses before another complaint; then we may have two or three thefts in as many weeks."

"Have you examined your list of visitors to see if the thefts happened when any one particular person was staying in the house?"

"Yes, the detective did, but found none beyond the permanent visitors."

"Have any of the permanent visitors lost their jewellery at any time?"

"Two ladies have; but since their loss they always lock their things up at night. By jove!" exclaimed Mr. Perry, "I never thought of it before, but it has just crossed my mind that it is rather strange that in almost every instance one of the least valuable articles is taken, whilst in no case

is more than one thing taken. The last theft—the diamond and pearl brooch stolen last night—is the first instance of the thief taking the most expensive article.

"Yes, it is a coincidence," said Fordham. "Now, one more question: Is your detective, Graham, absolutely sure that the bedrooms were not entered from the outside by turning the key with a pair of pincers, or by similar means which he would know all about, and relocking the doors in the same way afterwards?"

"He says he is certain the thieves did not enter the way you describe," replied Mr. Perry, "and, moreover, in the bedroom from which the brooch was stolen last night there is a bolt inside the door, which my friend assures me positively he closed and turned the handle down into the slot, so that it would appear absolutely impossible to unbolt it from the outside."

"Thank you—I do not think there is anything more." Then, addressing me, Mr. Fordham said:

"You wish me to take the matter up, Mr. Darke?"

"Certainly, if you think you can do anything to elucidate the mystery for Mr. Perry," I replied.

"Very good; then I will see to it at once. Now, Mr. Perry, I should like to



IN A MOST EXCITED STATE.

see your visitors' account book, where the various items are entered daily. I don't want you to say a word to anyone in the hotel about me, and it may be just as well to say nothing to the detective about my having anything to do with the matter. Can you send the book round here by someone you can trust? Anytime will suit me; and I shall also require a list of the things stolen, with the numbers of the rooms they were stolen from, and the dates of the thefts."

"Would late at night do?" asked Mr. Perry; "the book-keeper closes at ten in the evening, and any entries after that time are put into a rough book and entered up next morning. I could send it round to-night a little after ten, if that would suit you: and I may say, Mr. Fordham, if you can get to the bottom of this enigma I shall be more indebted to you than I can say. I will not talk of reward now, but you will not find me ungrateful."

With a brief Thank you and Good morning, Fordham left us; and, after a few more words, Mr. Perry departed. Later in the day I met Fordham, and asked him what he thought about it, and he gave me a brief outline of what his proceedings would be.

He intended to allow a few days to elapse, when he, with his wife, would go and stay at the hotel as visitors, and then he hoped to ferret out the thief or thieves.

About a week later I asked Fordham when he was going to the "Adelaide," when he remarked that he had been there two days. "You see," he said, "it is no use my loafing about at the hotel all day, so I come to the office during the day and attend to the hotel affair at night."

"Any prospect of success?" I asked hesitatingly.

"I cannot say yet," he replied.

I may here remark that one of my friend's little peculiarities was his dislike to discussing any case on which he was engaged until he was victorious or had given it up.

It was some six or seven days after the above short conversation had occurred when Mr. Perry was announced one morning, about

eleven o'clock, soon after I had arrived at the office.

He was evidently in a most excited state, and it was some time before I could quiet him sufficiently to hear what had upset him so.

"Where's your man, Fordham?" he asked. "He's a nice fellow. He promised to look after these confounded mysteries, and he has never been near the hotel since; and now there is another robbery—worse than any of the others, too. Oh, it's monstrous! I am being ruined, absolutely ruined, and cannot help myself, and no one will help me."

"Now, my dear fellow, do be rational," I said. "Sit down and tell me what has happened. As to Fordham, take my word for it, he is not neglecting you, as you appear to think."

Although I said this to soothe him, I was certainly puzzled to know what Fordham was doing, as he had distinctly told me he was staying at the "Adelaide;" however, I knew him too well to doubt his truthfulness or think for an instant that he was neglecting his case. Most probably he had kept purposely out of Mr. Perry's way.

"It's all very well, Darke, for you to say be rational, but I should like to know how long I may be expected to endure these outrages. However, I will tell you the latest. This morning, at nine o'clock, I was called to the rooms occupied by

one of my visitors, and informed that his wife had lost a very valuable diamond and sapphire pendant, valued at seven hundred guineas. She had worn it to the theatre the night previous, and placed it on the dressing-table, with the rest of her ornaments, when she retired to bed, and it was gone in the morning—the stereotyped tale, you know, Darke. The room was searched, everything was turned inside out, but it was no good. I felt it was all useless while we were prosecuting the search."

Just as he had concluded there was a knock at my door, and Mr. Fordham entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Perry; I thought I should find you here," he said, as he advanced



MARY JENNINGS, THE HOUSEMAID.



"Morning," answered Mr. Perry, in a most irascible tone. "Nicely you've caught my thief, haven't you?" he went on tauntingly. "Do you know that a lady in my hotel has just been robbed of a seven-hundred guinea pendant?"

"Yes, I know it," quietly replied Fordham; "here it is," and he produced a case in which reclined a most beautiful diamond and sapphire ornament; "and the thief's in gaol by this time, I expect," he continued, as he took his watch out of his waistcoat pocket and glanced at it.

"Eh, what do you mean?" gasped Perry, as he fell rather than sat down into the chair from which he had arisen at Fordham's entrance.

"It is quite true, Mr. Perry; your thief was caught red-handed, with the stolen property in her possession, a short time after you left the hotel."

"You say her! Was it a woman, then, after all? Who was it? Did you catch her?"

"Let me tell you just how it happened," said Fordham, in answer to this string of questions. "First of all, it was one of the housemaids—Mary Jennings, they called her—and I had the pleasure of bowling her over, metaphorically speaking, of course."

"Nine days ago, you may perhaps remember, Mr. Perry, an American gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Schomberg, arrived at your hotel, and have remained there since."

"Yes," interjected Perry; "that is the American lady's pendant you have there."

"Quite so," resumed Fordham. "That American gentleman was myself, disguised a little, you know, and the lady my wife. My wife has a few little things of this description, touching the jewel case, and I desired her to deck herself out in them, and flash them about a little more, perhaps, than might be considered quite good taste; but there was an end in view, and I meant circumventing your despoiler, if it were humanly possible, and I wished our thief to know as soon as possible where to look for future plunder. However, as the *modus operandi* of the thief was somewhat unusual, I considered it unwise to risk the loss of the jewels, so when my wife took them off, she put them in their cases and placed them under the pillow, whilst I had a very respectable set of paste repre-

sentations made to take their places on the dressing-table for the night. Prepared thus, we duly arrived at your house, and I managed fortunately to be placed in the identical room in which the last robbery had taken place.

"You will see later why I say fortunately."

"Of course, this room had been turned inside out at the previous occurrence, and had since been tidied up for the reception of future guests, so that it did not afford me very much material on which to arrive at a feasible theory. We retired early on the first night of our arrival, and I devoted several hours, which well repaid me for my trouble, to making a most minute investigation of the room and every article it contained. I won't trouble you with all the minor details, but will come to the first thread in the wool that finally enveloped Mary Jennings in its fatal folds. I left the dressing-table till the last, so, after finishing the rest of the room, I turned my attention to it. I saw at a glance that the toilet cover and drapery which surrounded the table had not been removed quite recently, so that, in all probability, it remained in much about the same condition as it was when the previous occupants of the room left. You, of course, remember the table as it stands—a large mahogany table, with muslin all round and a large glass, with drawers, standing on it, together with the usual toilet articles or ornaments. Now most of your rooms are furnished with duchesse tables, without any hanging drapery."

"The list of the rooms which you supplied me with, from which articles had been stolen, proved of the most valuable assistance in my early searching. During one time or another, whilst staying in the hotel, I managed to have a peep into all these rooms, and in each one the dressing-table was what I may term old-fashioned, that is, draped with muslin or similar furniture. This was coincidence number one."

"I don't see the inference you draw from this," I remarked. "But don't explain now; we shall find out presently."

"You will see it easily later on. Now, the second coincidence I had already gleaned from the visitors' account-book which you sent me," went on Fordham, looking at Mr. Perry, and it was simply this. "Each day that a theft had occurred, by some wonderful combination

of chances, or else it was a footprint on the trail I was on, there happened to be a fire charged to the occupants of the room robbed. In two or three of the accounts the fires had been booked continuously, but in some cases the fire was only used that night, or the night before, but in every case necessitating attention to the hearth on the day preceding the night of a robbery.

"I will leave these two coincidences for the moment, and return to the dressing-table in my room.

"Examining the toilet-cover carefully, inch by inch, under a powerful magnifying glass, I found in various places three little white hairs. There was nothing else discoverable on the table of any importance. I have some knowledge of natural history, but I could not recognise these three hairs as belonging to any portion of a human being. They might have fallen from a kitten, but even then they appeared too short, for they did not measure much over a quarter of an inch in length. Next day I took these hairs to a well-known naturalist, and he at once pronounced them to be the hairs from a white rat.

"I began to see my way now, and the next points to determine were whether the animal was the sole thief or only an accomplice, and where it took its plunder.

"By carefully scrutinizing the drapery round the table, I detected the threads of the muslin were pulled out slightly at one corner, in one direct line from the floor to the top of the table, which I concluded was the pathway of the rat. But my most earnest searching failed to discover any hole or hiding-place in the room where it might enter or lie concealed.

"For several nights I and my wife kept alternate watch from our bed for the appearance of our visitor, but without the slightest success. I therefore decided to apply coincidence number two, and see if that would help me. So I ordered a fire to be lighted for the next night. Matters now got warmer in more senses than one. The fire trick completed the links in the chain, and the remainder of the plot worked out without a hitch.

"Turning our gas low down as usual when we retired that night, I took the first watch, and for over an hour I re-

mained motionless, with my eyes fixed on the dressing-table, when I fancied I heard a slight rustle of the stiff muslin drapery of the table. This noise was so scarcely perceptible that, unless I had been listening most acutely for such an identical sound, it would have passed unnoticed had I been lying awake in the ordinary manner. In due time the animal climbed up the muslin on to the table and came into full view. It was a white rat. It moved about as if searching for something and presently it came to the jewellery, and picking up the pendant in its jaws, made straight for the same corner of the table that it had ascended. Crawling noiselessly to the foot of the bed, I peeped over and perceived my little white friend making off towards the fireplace. Now there was an ordinary footstool at one corner of the fender, and when the rat got to it, it disappeared between the stool and the wainscot. After waiting a short time for it to show itself again, I crept quietly out of bed, watching the spot where the animal had last left my view, and turned up the gas. But not a sign of



I HEARD A SLIGHT RUSTLE.





THE STOOL WAS PARTLY HOLLOW.

the rat. Taking up the stool, I searched the wainscoting for a hole or crevice, but could discover no possible outlet. Turning my attention to the hassock, I examined it carefully, and then this part of the mystery was explained. The stool was partly hollow, and a small bit of the carpet covering was loose, giving entrance to the interior, peering into this passage way I discovered the little thief with his stolen property all safe and snug. I put the stool as it was into a drawer in the wardrobe and turned into bed, feeling pretty satisfied that my capture would lead to the detection in the morning of the real thief, the rat's owner and trainer.

Next morning I replaced the footstool in its former position, and sent for you to complain loudly of my loss. Whilst the room was being turned upside down I whispered to the detective, Graham, that I thought I could find the thief by-and-bye, and arranged for him to meet me in the coffee-room as soon as he had finished his search, whilst my wife remained in the bedroom.

"He was not long in following me, and I then told him who I was, and we made our arrangements for our capture, which I desired to leave in his hands, so that I need not appear in the matter.

"My suspicions, as you have doubtless inferred, pointed to the servant who attended to the grates, and, reasoning out

her mode of procedure, I drew my conclusions, as the result proved, with perfect correctness as to how she worked her thefts.

"When a fire was required in any of the bedrooms Mary Jennings had to attend to the lighting of it and filling the coal-box. Here was the opportunity to substitute her rat footstool for the ordinary one in use in the room; then, when she tidied up the hearth next day she could remove the stolen property if her four-footed confederate had secured anything, and exchange the stools at her convenience.

"Reasoning thus, we arranged that I should secrete myself in the room adjoining our bedroom and wait for the girl to go into our room after my wife had descended to breakfast, and as soon as she had finished her work at the hearth and had left the bedroom, I was to run in to see if the pendant had been removed from the stool and if it was gone I was to whistle "Home, sweet home," so that Graham, the detective, could follow the girl up and trace her movements.

"By giving her all the rope we could, I



DREW A BROKEN BRICK FROM THE WALL.

thought we should not only obtain the pendant, but probably ascertain how and where she had hidden her previous plunder.

"Our proceedings worked like a charm. Miss Jennings was promptly on the field and soon finished her duties at the grate; As I heard her footsteps receding down the corridor I slipped into the bed-room and found the pendant was gone, but the rat and stool both remained.

"Giving Graham the signal, I left him to complete the business, and joined my wife at the breakfast-table. Within ten minutes, Graham appeared at the door of the coffee-room, and, in reply to my invitation,

came and joined us. Our success was complete: the girl had gone down the kitchen stairs, quite unsuspectingly, and descended to the coal-cellar. As soon as she was inside Graham glided after her and saw her take the pendant from the ashes and cinders in her housemaid's box, and advance to the side of the cellar, where she drew a broken

brick from the wall and placed the jewels in the hole. He then arrested her, and, calling assistance, proceeded to examine this novel safe.

"I believe, Mr. Perry, nearly the whole of the stolen articles were recovered. We shall no doubt learn later how Mary instructed her white rat to purloin so neatly, but it was a very clever performance."

As soon as Fordham finished his explanation Mr. Perry rose from his chair, and grasping his hand said, "Forgive me, Mr. Fordham, for my irritable speech just now. I thank you most heartily; you have removed a mountain



FORGIVE ME MR. FORDHAM.

of misery and anxiety from my mind by your wonderful revelations."

"Not at all; not at all!" returned Fordham. "It's our business, and I am only too pleased to have been of service to you and my firm. But next time you have such trouble let me advise you to seek advice earlier, as such delays are always dangerous."



# *Whispers from the Woman's World.*

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

---

" Blessings rest on him who first invented sleep."

**T**O women especially, a pretty and well-furnished bedroom is a priceless possession, and if it partakes of the character of a sitting-room also, so much the better. When we remember how large a portion of our lives is spent between the four walls of our sleeping apartments, no pains should be spared in rendering them as pleasing to the eye and as sanitary as possible. An easy couch, a comfortable chair, a writing-table and a few shelves for favourite authors are not expensive luxuries, and make all the difference between the chilly interiors one finds in houses where eating is the first and furniture the second consideration and those in which the mistress takes a delight and pleasure in collecting pretty things around her.

For children and old people particularly, a bright, sunshiny room should be selected, and those who have studied domestic hygiene tell us that King Sol takes a very practical part in purifying the atmosphere, and in destroying disease germs which are floating in the air. The importance of introducing pure air into living-rooms is generally recognised by a large majority of the educated classes at the present time; but it is to be feared that there are still many who, by preference, sleep at night in closely-shut bedrooms; for the conviction that night air is unwholesome, and should be rigidly excluded, still survives among the unlettered and ignorant, and ought to be contradicted by those who have learned from practical experience that sounder health and lighter sleep prevail when the bedroom window is let down an inch or two at the top. Doubtless, the objection to this practice had its origin in times when undrained swamps and malaria-breeding mists, at nightfall, were characteristic of large tracts of rural England, and is thus a survival of a belief founded, more or

less, on the results of observation and experience. But at the present day it cannot be too strongly asserted that night air is as wholesome as that of the day, and may even be said to be purer, as it is more free from dust, evaporation and the contamination of human traffic. The effects of camping out in pine woods in a suitable climate as a cure for the early stages of consumption is well known to medical men, and I would most earnestly recommend to all those in fair health to adopt the open bedroom window at night, protected by light curtains so as to preclude unnecessary draughts. With warm bed-clothes, even delicate people need fear no ill effects; on the contrary, the purer air will soon result in increased health and spirits, and a larger capacity for bearing the toils and troubles of the day.

During the morning the bedroom should be thoroughly aired by opening both doors and windows to their widest capacity; this ensures a thorough change of atmosphere, and absolutely prevents that unpleasant stuffiness which is a marked feature of many bed-chambers.

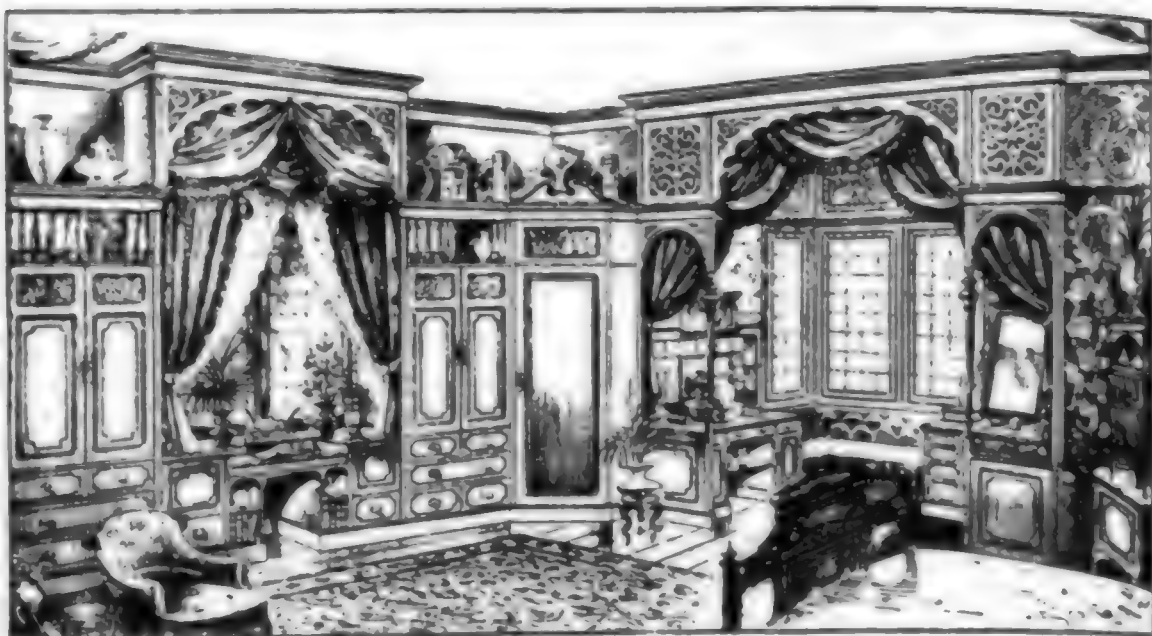
Artistic but inexpensive papers, light in tone, can cover the walls; then there need be no qualms of conscience on the score of expense or of renewing them at frequent intervals. Flatted paint, or that with an enamel finish, and exactly matching the prevailing tint in the pattern, looks and wears well, as does nicely-stained and polished boards, if partially covered by a bordered carpet of suitable design. The kind of floor covering must depend, in a large measure, upon the character of the dwelling and the style of the furniture. Those blessed with an ample income will naturally choose some of the beautiful fabrics produced on Eastern looms; others will content themselves with the finer qualities of carpets manufactured in this country; while those who are compelled to consider expense,

will probably select the charming art squares made in Kidderminster and Scotland, or lay their floors with softly-toned matting, which is now to be obtained in a variety of colours and designs, and is most suitable for this purpose.

Having disposed of the walls and floors, we can now consider the various forms of furniture appropriate to the bedroom.

I must confess, for my own part, I have a special fancy for the pretty fitments which are now made in many styles, and which are so constructed that they can be unscrewed and transferred, if necessary, to another room or house. These need not be of a particularly expensive character, as they look very well when made of pine, simply stained or painted; though those who really require handsome fitments will naturally prefer to have them of some hard and polished wood.

My first sketch gives a good treatment for a boudoir bedroom. The toilet appliances are placed in a bay-window of unusual size, and can be entirely concealed by lowering the draperies. The



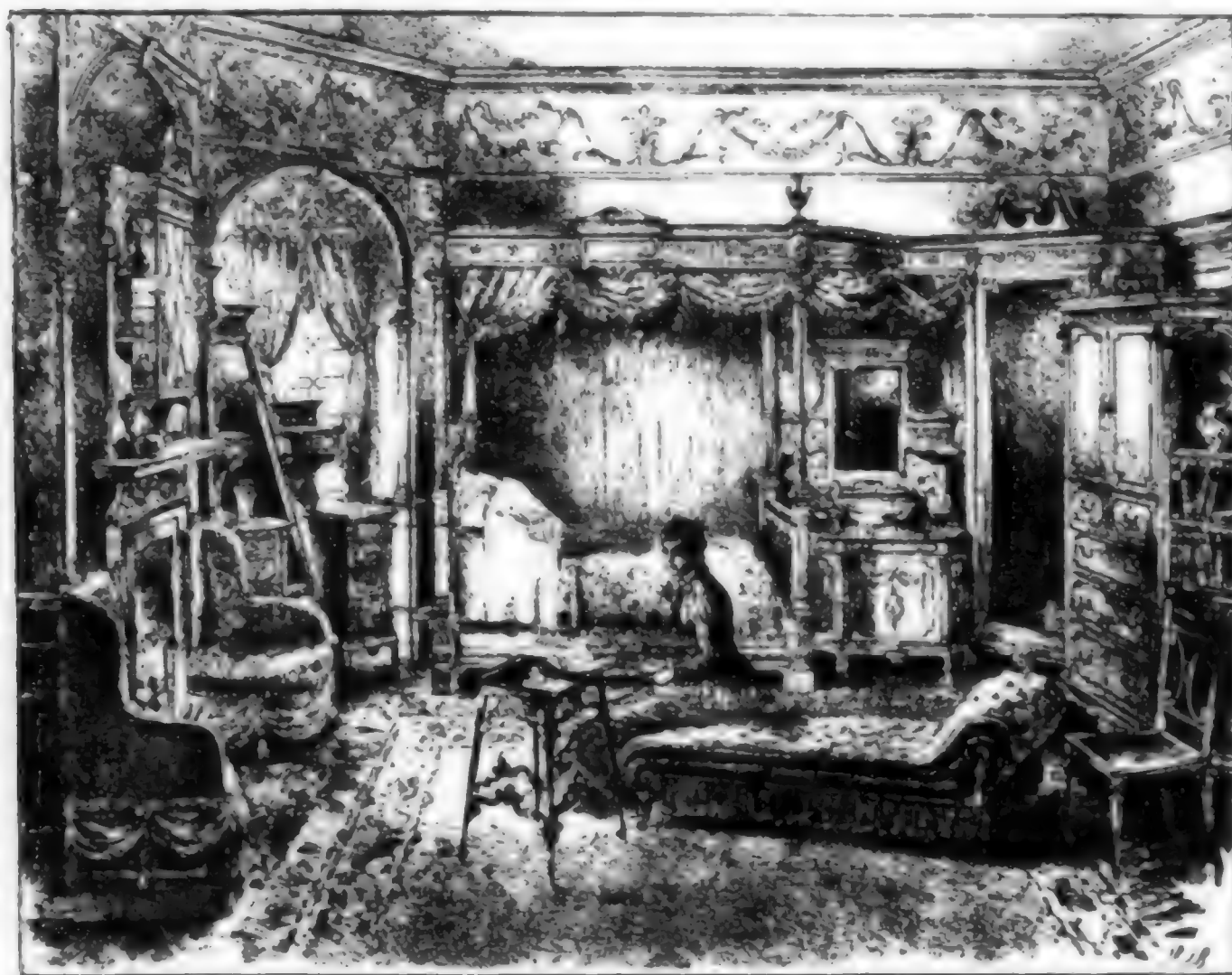
A BOUDOIR BEDROOM.

side window has a conveniently-arranged writing-table, and the walls are lined with the usual wardrobes, nests of drawers, mirrors, etc., which are so indispensable to our comfort.

A young lady's room is shown in the second illustration. In this the bedstead is placed by a side wall, and under a quaintly-carved wooden canopy. The upholstered seats near the fireplace open box fashion, and the circular window at the corner of the room is a convenient position for the duchess table. To those mothers who would like to plan a pleasant surprise for a favourite daughter, I can commend this scheme of decoration; as

in pale pink, turquoise, or ivory white, it would form an ideal bedroom, and one which could not fail to please the most exacting girl in the world.

Some, however, may prefer the ordinary suite of furniture, which has many good points to recommend it; I have, therefore, in the third drawing given an idea of rooms recently furnished by a well-known firm of upholsterers. Each item is composed of fine Spanish mahog-



A YOUNG LADY'S BEDROOM.



any, inlaid with satinwood in a classical design, copied from one of Sheraton's pattern books. The bedstead is of brass, with woven wire mattress, which, by means of a key, can be rendered more or less buoyant, according to the tightness with which it is rolled round the bars at the head and foot of the bedstead. I notice many of the leading firms are making handsome wooden bedsteads to match some of their suites of furniture. These give the bedroom a very complete appearance, and, with modern appliances, there can be no objection to them, if ordinary care is exercised.

And now one word in the ear of the virtuous British matron. Whatever you

may do or leave undone, regard the sanctity of the toilet, and arrange to have a dressing-room, even if it is only some little ante-chamber or closet, which you dignify with this title. Delightful as it sounds in theory, it is exceedingly inconvenient in practice, to be always

together; and though on excellent authority we are told, "man should not live alone," that does not mean that he should always be under the surveillance of a woman, and all rights of privacy disregarded. If from no higher motive, let your husband be saved, as long as possible, from that shock to the romance of matrimony which must occur when he first sees his bride's billowy form in an ungraceful attitude, arrayed in the shortest of petticoats and innocent of corsets, struggling with her refractory locks and a pair of curling tongs, or, worse still, curl-papers. On the other hand, Angelina is spared from the vision of the manly form in shirt sleeves, whom she has vowed to love, honour and obey, with every feature contorted, and his fascinat-

ing countenance bedaubed with lather, as he grins insanely at himself in the mirror during the process of shaving. Whether two people occupying the same room should have separate beds, is a question which can only be settled by personal tastes and idiosyncrasies. That such a practice is indicative of any want of affection, or calculated to loosen the most sacred ties of life, I cannot believe. In the matter of coverings alone, two people are rarely found who are unanimous as to the exact quantity necessary for comfort and warmth; and to be awakened several times in the course of the night by one or other of the sleepers, is hardly conducive to that perfect rest the body

craves. This fashion has been followed in most parts of the Continent, and by those in a high social position in our own country, for a considerable time, and is spreading through all classes of the community.

Spare bedrooms, to people of moderate means, generally

signify an additional income tax of several shillings in the pound. Indeed, it is worse than that, for it often necessitates being forced to take a succession of lodgers who do not pay, who are frequently very inconsiderate, and who expect gratis to be amused, chaperoned, nursed, and even, in some cases, to be married or buried, if the circumstances of the case require it. Few have the least idea how many affectionate relations and friends they possess till it becomes generally known that they have one or two vacant rooms in their house, and it is surprising upon what slender grounds the most distant acquaintance will unhesitatingly demand hospitality. So this, like the previous question, must be decided according to individual requirements. I



FURNITURE FOR A MODERN BED AND DRESSING-ROOM.

would, moreover, venture to hint that it is hardly advisable to make the best room in the house the "guest chamber," while the legitimate owners and children occupy less desirable quarters.

Where the size of the dwelling permits of it, I would urge that one or two of the upper rooms should be so furnished that they are immediately available in case of illness, and are so arranged that they can be easily disinfected after contagious diseases. These rooms should be, if possible, separated from the rest of the house by a long passage, shut off by a double door. If there is a separate entrance from outside, it adds very much to their convenience. The furniture and decorations can be of the simplest character. A Scotch bordered carpet (which is easily washed) on the stained boards; an iron appliance bedstead, with movable back rest and a patent mechanism for raising the patient to any position; a Matlock couch, with framework of oak or mahogany, and the seat of chain springs (over which is laid a hair mattress and plenty of downy pillows); light bamboo furniture, and pretty china; curtains of muslin and reversible cretonne, and a bed-spread of the latter with six-inch frill; a toilet service fitted with indiarubber pads, so as to be absolutely noiseless, and the usual washing-stand and dressing-table, are all that is absolutely necessary if the rooms are fitted with wooden cupboards and drawers. Flower-boxes in the windows are a source of amusement and pleasure to the patient, while a small cottage grate is useful, as it allows of a constant supply of hot water, and of a certain amount of invalid cookery. Newspapers and magazines are the most appropriate literature for the sick-room, and can be destroyed after use. I by no means advocate that these rooms should only be used in times of illness; but that they should be ready in case of need, when they will, indeed, prove a haven of rest to any member of the family who may have been stricken down.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

We are told, "In the Spring, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of



A SMART SPRING WALKING COSTUME.

love." Young women appear to have been left out of the question; but I suppose the bard thought it was sufficiently obvious that the fancy of the young maiden would naturally turn in the proper direction--"to thoughts of dress" At any rate, that is the sentiment which is exciting the minds of a vast proportion of the "Girls of the Period" in London and the Provinces at the present moment. So I will endeavour to place before them some of the latest creations of Madame la Mode, whose behests, *nolens volens*, we are all bound to obey.

Two colours outrival all others in the favour of the public--green and heliotrope. The shades of plum vary from the delicate lavender, which was so popular with blushing brides of days of yore, to that deepest tone or Royal purple. The correct green is of the palest and most delicate tint, exactly matching the heart of a lettuce; and separately or in conjunction, these colours are introduced in various portions of the costume. Dress materials in silk, wool and cotton, all display them; and for millinery they are in great demand. The 1830 bonnets,

which were so popular earlier in the season, have been superseded by a smaller, close-fitting shape, somewhat resembling the "Marie Stuart." Hats are of moderate size, mostly of straw lined with a different coloured plait, or shot in every conceivable shade.



AN EMPIRE EVENING GOWN.



Dresses are made wider in the skirt than we have had them for some years and are visibly stiffened at the foot. Mantles are also much wider in the basques, to allow for the extra material beneath; and fancy braids in various colours are much used for trimming spring walking gowns. The frilled shoulder capes and balloon-like sleeves have been modified to a considerable extent, and now form pretty adjuncts to the toilet.

This smart walking gown is made in a soft shade of grey cloth. The skirt is cut in the latest style and trimmed with embroidered galon and green velvet, and the bodice, which is very becoming, corresponds with the skirt. At a reception lately I noticed the evening dress, of which I took a sketch for the benefit of my readers. It was composed of the most delicate shade of eau de nil crêpe de Chine over satin, with bodice à l'Empire and bands of deep purple velvet, edged with pearls, worn with large puffed sleeves to match, and a lace Berthé. Low silk blouses of different colours, trimmed with chiffon or lace, are much used by those who appreciate their economic advantages. This *fin de siècle* garment, to many who are cursed with limited and unelastic dress allowances, affords all kinds of possibilities; and with a black satin and lace

skirt as the *piece de resistance*, quite a fashionable appearance can be made at a comparatively trifling cost.

I have for some time been looking for a suitable mantle for travelling and rainy weather. This is a *rara avis*, which is not to be found without a considerable expenditure of time and trouble; yet it certainly is an indispensable item in every Englishwoman's wardrobe in this moist climate. The next sketch gives a very fair idea of such a cloak, which can be made in a variety of beautiful cloths, specially prepared for spring wear. Though entirely covering the dress, it is not heavy and cumbersome, and, being only semi-tight, can be removed without difficulty. The latest thing in ladies' underwear is rose du Barry batiste, trimmed with Valenciennes and run through with moiré or satin ribbon the exact tint of the cambric. The short under-petticoat is made to match, and those who require extra warmth wear beneath these fairy-like garments the daintiest silk under-clothing (also pink), with elaborate insertions and edgings of crochet.

I must not linger, however, on a subject which has peculiar attractions for all the Daughters of Eve, but pass on to the stern realities of life; for a large proportion of the fair sex have realised, to their cost, that if



FASHIONABLE BLOUSES.

they would live at all they must put their shoulders to the wheel with unmistakable will and determination, so as to bring a certain amount of grist to the domestic mill.

We will, therefore, this month consider what chance a woman has of adding to her income by enrolling herself in the ever-increasing army of Lady Clerks.

For this trade or profession, whichever one likes to call it, a knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, with a thorough training in book-keeping, is of the first importance. To this should be added a good general education and a fair acquaintance with foreign languages, particularly French and German. That the average girl does not possess these qualifications will be readily granted; therefore, if she wishes to undertake the duties incidental to such a calling, she must lose no time in acquiring the rudiments of her craft.

Posts may be obtained by those who are competent, either by advertisement, personal application or interest, and the rate of remuneration of course varies in different offices and according to proficiency. In the Prudential Insurance Company, which employs nearly three hundred female clerks, applicants must be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, and only the daughters of professional men are accepted. They are examined in writing, spelling and arithmetic, and those who pass receive thirty pounds a year, with a rise of ten pounds per annum. There is a refreshment room on the premises, a library for their use and other advantages.

At the General Post Office, between seven and eight hundred female clerks are employed, at salaries ranging from £65 to £300 a-year. The latter sum is received by superintendents. Two examinations must be passed, on such subjects as Composition, English History, Geography and Arithmetic; and the age of candidates must be between eighteen and twenty. Announcements of forthcoming examinations appear in the *London*



A STYLISH SHOWER-PROOF CLOAK.

*Gazette*, and the fees are nominal—one shilling being charged for the first, and one shilling and sixpence for the second examination. Those who have any idea of following this career should make application for the various regulations and rules, and study them carefully beforehand.

The telegraphic system affords many openings to female clerks, and they are also employed by some of the larger Railway Companies.

In two London banks women are to be found—namely, those of Messrs. Baring and Messrs. Rothschild — and here, of course, a good social status is a *sine qua non*. In most of the high-class hotels the office work is performed by representatives of the female sex. Here the salary is good, the food excellent, and the life by no means an unpleasant one.

Many private firms, including stock-brokers, solicitors, merchants, publishers, architects, manufacturers and shopkeepers, employ female labour.

These positions are highly coveted, as they generally are equivalent to salaries of from £80 to £200 per annum.

From these few details it will at once be seen that the position of a lady clerk is by no means a sinecure; and, besides the technical training, it is necessary to possess robust health, so as to withstand the inevitable wear and tear, while system, punctuality, and an earnest desire to excel are of equal importance to one who would succeed in her work. There is no tarrying in the swift current of life: it sweeps all floating particles relentlessly on, and to be stranded on the mountain side only means to wither uselessly away. But the one who gives her mind and strength to her work for its own sake does not need other stimulants, and though often hindered and cast down, she is not daunted from still going on with a determination to conquer.

I am indebted for the drawing of the Boudoir Bedroom to Messrs. Godfrey, Giles and Co., Old Cavendish Street; and for sketches of the other two Bedrooms to Messrs. Gregory, Regent Street, London.



# ONLY A CHILD.

By WRAY LINDSAY.

Then comes a mist, and a driving rain,  
And life is never the same again.

MACDONALD.

## CHAPTER I.

**I** WONDER how it feels to be old, really old, I mean. It cannot be merely that the sun looks less bright and the earth less pleasant; that the prospect of the future becomes darkness and the memory of the past one vain regret; because all that has happened to me already.

And I, May Howard, am only twenty-three.

But then I have not lived the life of most women. I have loved more, and I have suffered. Oh, Heaven! I *am* suffering, more than others—at least, I hope so, or else this earth must have grown a sadder place than God's world ought to be.

Three years ago I was a bride. Jack and I had known each other a long while then. We had been engaged for two years and more before the wedding day, and we thought that we loved each other perfectly. As I was not a bit pretty, and had scarcely any money, and was nobody in particular, so far as birth goes, what could there have been but love on his part? I am sure that there was nothing but love on mine. Which, indeed, was only natural. For he was so handsome, tall and dark, with thick, curly hair, in which I

could hide my fingers, and a soft moustache, that I used to kiss, and big, blue-grey eyes, that were to me the most adorable things in all creation.

He had but one fault, and even that to his wife looked like a virtue, for youth is always sweeter than age. And he was young, as young almost as I—too young, people said; only twenty-two—I wonder if any man ever did know his own mind at twenty-two.

Jack was to be a clergyman, but we were married before he was old enough to be ordained. So we had six months of idleness in which to become better acquainted with each other's faults and failings, and in which, if possible, to draw nearer and closer, heart to heart. That was a happy time, but I dare not do more than glance back upon it now. It makes the hopelessness of the present appear too black.

At Christmas-tide the Bishop laid his hand upon Jack's head, as he knelt in the Cathedral, where the lofty arches have for centuries spoken of the Infinite and Eternal with perhaps even greater force than have the sacred words, floating day by day along the dim old aisles.

Afterwards my husband and I went to Thetfield, where he was to begin his clerical work.

It was a huge manufacturing place, where the smoke of the furnaces and the roar of the machinery never ceased. But we had a tiny dwelling, very small and cozy, upon the outskirts, away from the



JACK WAS TO BE A CLERGYMAN.

worst of the soot, and where we escaped the odour of fire. We bought all the furniture for it after we reached Thetfield, and then had the fun of arranging it according to our own fancies, working always together. And when our home was at last complete, we thought that heaven itself could scarcely be more delightful. At least I did. But then it was just one man who formed my paradise in those days.

It seemed at first so odd to have a house all of our own, that sometimes, after we had sent our solitary maid to bed, we used to wander into every room—there were not many, after all—and look round at the chairs and tables, trying to realise the queer notion that they belonged to us. On which occasions our excursions had a way of ending in the kitchen, where we would open the cupboards to peep in at the rows of shining glass and china with a sort of enthusiasm of possession, such as Molly and I used to feel about our dolls' house when we two sisters were children together. Only this was far better, for it always finished in Jack taking me into his arms and telling me that I was his best treasure, nicer even than those precious jugs and basins and plates which yet were the joy of our hearts.

And that was only two years ago!

It was at the time of the Easter decorations that the first cloud began to gather.

"Wife, did you happen to notice that lovely girl who was helping with the font?" Jack asked me on the Saturday, as we walked home from church.

"No. Who is she?" with a smile. For I was quite aware that he had a weakness for pretty women, a fact which made his choice of a wife the more strange. I have always been so plain.

"Caroline Dene's sister," he answered. "She is at home from school for the holidays."

"Oh! Only a child," carelessly, and a little jealous pain that had come suddenly into my heart quite died away. "Is she good-looking?"

"She is perfect!" Even at that moment his earnestness seemed startling and strange to me. "Don't scoff, please. But really her face is like an angel's. I never saw such a beautiful expression before."

"Not likely to, at that rate, until you get to heaven." I retorted lightly.

People used to say in those days that I was too merry and gay, speaking out my mind far more freely than a clergyman's wife should. Perhaps they were right; I don't know. But how could I be solemn when I was so happy?

On Easter Day, I saw Chrystal Dene at the early service, and then I owned to myself that Jack's description had been exactly right. There was such an innocent purity upon her oval face and in her large, serious eyes, that one almost forgot to notice her clearly-cut features, and the mouth, soft and rosy as a baby's. She wore her hair in one long plait down her back, school-girl fashion, and altogether gave the idea of being what I had called her, only a child. She was, in truth, scarcely fifteen.

Necessarily, I very soon made her acquaintance, for we knew her people well, and were constantly in and out of Woodleigh.

During the next fortnight, both Jack and I met her many times, one way or another. Then she went back to her lessons, and I, in my blind, blissful ignorance, forgot all about her.

She was not away for long, however, for in the early days of June, an outbreak in the school of measles or some such ailment drove her home again. During her short absence, she had certainly grown taller, and with her slender, girlish figure, and rather languid movements had become more lovely than before.

Chrystal's father, Mr. Dene, was one of the richest and most prosperous men in Thetfield. He had enormous iron works down in the town and a charming house in the suburbs, quite near to our little abode. The tennis season was coming on now, and as we used to go and play upon the Woodleigh courts as often as Jack, who had more than enough to do, could spare time from his parish work, we encountered Chrystal more frequently even than at Easter.

I got fond of the child at this time. With her angel face and caressing manner, she seemed to have the power to throw a spell over all hearts. A power I envied her—ah! how deeply? For all the while that cloud, which had begun to shadow my world just as Chrystal entered it, was gaining volume and substance. It was long before I recognised its existence, and longer still ere I understood the nature of that horrible, intangible



something that was threatening to separate my husband and myself. Yet, slowly but surely, discovery came. Jack, my Jack, loved Chrystal Dene.

From that day to this I have never been surprised. He was such a young man, and so worshipped beauty; whilst she was so fair and so utterly fascinating. As for me, I was ugly and not always good tempered, and too often bitter and sarcastic. Who could blame him, then, for loving her? But that was how the sunshine went out of my life and twilight began to fall.

It was during the drive home, after a picnic, that I first quite realised the truth. We had gone with a party to spend a long summer day amongst the ruins of an ancient castle, and in exploring some damp, detestable caverns, with a quite undeserved renown. The expedition had, I believe, proved pleasant enough to most people. Unfortunately for me, I had tumbled into a stream in the underground chasm, and with my light frock in a muddy and draggled condition, felt rather dull and wretched. But that could not be helped.

The day came to an end at last, and we all climbed to our places upon the coach; I, in my low spirits, meekly choosing the back seat. Jack's invaluable talent for making himself comfortable, led him to the roof, where he first stretched himself out amongst the rugs and baskets, and then proceeded to announce that there was plenty of room upon his throne for some one else. Would Chrystal share it? An invitation which she promptly accepted.

I was horribly hurt, for I had had a secret hope that during the homeward drive I might creep close to my husband, in the dusk, and be comforted for my spoilt day. However, I tried hard not to show my disappointment, and managed to laugh and chatter with the girls and men who were near. Only all the time I could not help watching between the row of faces opposite, the heads of those two upon the roof.

Presently, I saw Jack begin to untwist her hair—the long heavy plait that hung to her waist. Of course I assured myself immediately that there was no harm in it, for she was a mere school-girl, home for a holiday, and he was a clergyman, grown up and married—in spite of which I could not persuade myself that I liked it.

Slowly, slowly, the sun went down, and night came on. By-and-bye we reached a steep hill, up which some of

the men elected to walk. I went with them, for it made me restless to see those long white fingers playing amongst the soft masses of hair. But how could I prevent it?

So I sprang to the ground and trudged along in the dust, keeping silence when people would let me, and thankful for the waning light in which I could gulp down unobserved the tears I could not quite restrain. For it was not yet too dark for me to perceive that those two heads had drawn closer to each other by degrees. Twilight is proverbially deceptive, and I tried to soothe my aching heart by the assurance that I could not, down here, be absolutely certain of what occurred up there. But for all that, by the time that I resumed my place, I was sure, beyond all power of questioning, that Jack's love had gone from me. And after that moment I never had another doubt about the matter.

Of course we reached home presently, and then there passed some days, miserable days, during which my one effort was to smother and conceal my jealousy. Because I was jealous. Oh, yes! How



CAUGHT SIGHT OF MY HUSBAND.

could I help it, when I loved him so? Neither do I suppose that I succeeded in behaving altogether as if nothing were amiss. He must have found me cross and tiresome occasionally, and he always liked to see me light and gay. It had been so easy to please him in that hitherto; it was impossible now. Doubly impossible as gradually my enlightenment increased.

One day, when I was out shopping, I caught sight of my husband and Chrystal walking upon the opposite side of the street, and talking earnestly. Her eyes were cast down, and there was the prettiest quiver about the corners of her mouth. Just as they came abreast with me, she burst into a low, silvery laugh and glanced up at him, whilst he smiled back at her. So they passed on without having seen me. The whole affair was scarcely more than a trifle, truly, but it made the pain in my heart all the more bitter.

A week later, I happened to catch a glimpse of them again, chatting at the end of our road. And once more, a few days afterwards, when I was wandering aimlessly in the Park, I noticed them strolling side by side along one of the narrow paths. Whereupon, I awoke suddenly to the great danger that hung over them both. Mine were not the only eyes in Thetfield, and should this sort of thing continue, it could not be long before all the town observed and talked of it. Had not Chrystal been so young, or had Jack been of any other profession, folks would already have been making remarks. So far they had escaped. But neither his cloth nor her age would protect them much longer.



HE PUT HIS HEAD ON MY LAP.

That day I went home, and, from sheer perplexity and worry, cried myself ill. Upon which Jack, who was always tender and kind, noticed my red eyes, and asked questions. So, at last, it all came out.

"You care for her more than you do for me," I sobbed. "Oh, I think it will kill me. Why did you marry me, Jack? I could have lived without your love before. But now——"

He was angry at first, very angry. Told me that I was foolishly jealous, just the same as all other women, and that he had expected better things of me. But then I put my hand in his, and laid my head upon his shoulder.

"Jack," I said, "you must not be cross with your wife. You know that I care for you. I can't help it. But I am not one bit surprised that you love Chrystal best."

He looked at me for a moment as though he were astonished;

which made me laugh; for it seemed so odd that he should think me too stupid to understand.

"Why, of course, I can see how exquisite she is," I told him. "If I were a man, I should lose my head about her myself, Jack. But oh, darling, I wish, I wish that we were not married, Jack. What am I to do? How can I bear to stand between you and the woman you love?"

And then he did what I don't believe the men in novels ever do. He put his head down upon my lap, and told me everything.

"It isn't that I have ceased to love you, May," he whispered, almost as he might have done to a sister whom he trusted. "I am wicked and mad to feel as I do. But she is so wonderfully lovely. I don't seem to live when she is out of my sight."



We had many talks together after that. Not, I suppose, that any one reading this story that I am scribbling, would believe it. They would say that no man would turn to his wife for consolation because his heart had strayed hopelessly away to another woman. But the wiseacres would be mistaken, for that is exactly what Jack did. And that is all of happiness that I have to remember, that sometimes I was able to comfort him.

Of course it hurt; but of that I need not speak.

After that first confidence between us, those too public interviews ceased. I was certain, although I never asked him, that all their meetings could not have come about entirely by chance. So I warned him of my fears, and begged him, for her sake and his own, never to run the risk again. It was the less difficult for him to avoid it now that he could talk openly to her at Woodleigh, or elsewhere, in my presence. And to be often near her somewhere, anywhere, appeared really to be a necessity of his life.

What could be the end of it all? Of that I dared not think any more than, I believe, did he. Gradually I began to hate myself because I was so strong and healthy, and because, in spite of my anguish, I went on living.

## CHAPTER II.

Busy and bustling and smoky as was the great town of Thetfield, it was yet situated upon the very borders of one of the most picturesque of English counties. Within two hours' drive of the huge works of which the enormous engines



CHRYSTAL DENE.

seemed to form one ceaselessly throbbing heart, were to be found miles and miles of heather-covered moorland, that in the autumn was purple with blossom and alive with grouse. "The twelfth" was, therefore, an important day in the annals of the neighbourhood, and filled all the great houses with guests.

This year Mr. Dene had asked a crowd of visitors to Woodleigh, and on the first day of the shooting, Jack and I were invited to an informal sort of dinner, to meet everybody after the return from the moors. No particular hour had been named, and we arrived rather early, whilst the world at large was still engaged before the looking-glass.

Chrystal was, as it happened, the first to welcome us, and I shall always remember the picture she made that evening. It is only likely that I should.

She was dressed in a white gown of soft Indian muslin, trimmed with lace. Under her chin she had fastened a cluster of white heather, and a carnation or two, also white. Her splendid hair, cut quaintly in a straight line across her forehead, had been left loose, for once, and fell in a straight, unfettered mass down her back. Her face was, as usual, almost colourless, except for the rich scarlet of the lips.

She shook hands with me, and afterwards offered her greeting to Jack. As their fingers met, a faint tinge of pink crept slowly into her cheeks.

"Mother asked me to say that she hopes you will excuse her unpunctuality. But the fact is that we all went to luncheon upon the moors and stayed

too long, quite forgetting about the time."

I declared that Mrs. Dene must on no account hurry, and at the same time tossed upon an oak chest my hat and cloak. Underneath the outdoor garments was my wedding silk. Although I had been married for more than a year, the bridal finery was by no means done for, and Jack and I could not afford to be ultra fashionable.

In another minute Arthur Dene, a lad of about sixteen, and a great ally of mine, came tearing down the stairs three at a time.

"Oh! Mrs. Howard," he called out, "they won't be ready for an age yet. I know their little ways. Come out into the conservatory with me, unless it will hurt that go-to-meeting array, and let me get you a red, red rose."

Jack and I both laughed. Arthur was an authorised adorer of the curate's wife. So we went off in one direction, and, or so I supposed, Jack and Chrystal in another. As to that, however, I took pains not to see.

We explored the fragrant green-houses, and made our choice. The boy had positively been thoughtful enough to arm himself with some pins, and was able to decorate me, then and there. Afterwards, with the brilliant flowers making a bright dash of colour upon my shoulder, we turned towards the house, from which the conservatories were separated by some few yards. That was the least convenient of the Woodleigh arrangements I had always considered, and I remarked upon it to Arthur as he escorted me across the carriage-drive towards the hall door, upon the steps of which Mr.

Dene had, by this time, stationed himself. He was attired in all the glory of swallow-tails, and was evidently waiting for dinner with some impatience. Twilight had come on rapidly during the last few minutes; it seemed to me that the light had faded more suddenly than usual.

Our host and I were the best of friends. I found traits in his character which I both liked and admired, although to a stranger he might, as he aired himself upon the threshold of his beautiful home, have presented no more interesting points

than belong to the average self-made man, who has risen from poverty and obscurity by simple obstinacy and business capacity. Happily, Mr. Dene had now, besides wealth and influence, a fair education. He could speak and write as correctly as most people, though there would always linger upon his tongue the burr, and in his manner the uncouthness, of the North Country. Underneath that rather unpolished exterior, though, there beat a generous and even a tender heart, as I had had occasion to discover before this. And if ever I want-

ed help for a woman in distress—he did not believe in men who needed assistance—it was to Mr. Dene that I invariably applied.

"And how are you, Mrs. Howard?" he shouted, as I came in sight; "and where is that husband of yours? Here am I, clemmed to death almost, and nobody about, so far as I can find out. No, no! He's not the only one that's behind," as I began to utter apologies, "so don't bother yourself. Why didn't he bring you to have a bit of food among the heather to-day?"



GIVING THE GUN INTO MY HANDS.



"Perhaps because we were not asked," I responded, with my customary candour. "Is the gun loaded, Mr. Dene?" For he had taken up and was examining a formidable-looking weapon that I had previously observed upon the hall table. He nodded an assent.

"Yes, I'd been looking at it before you came in. I'm going to have a row about it later on. I'll not have these young fellows bring their guns into my house in this condition. I'm a sportsman myself, and have been most o' my life, but I've never got over a nervousness of that sort of thing, and don't mean to try."

"Don't! One hears of such heaps of accidents from just such carelessness. But oh, do let me fire it off, please. That will make all safe, and I never had a shot quite to my own self in my whole life," I pleaded coaxingly.

He looked down at me and laughed, before giving the gun into my hands.

"Take care that it doesn't knock your teeth down your throat, then," he recommended. "Here, point the——"

"Father," interrupted Arthur's voice at this moment, "will you——"

But that was a request destined never to be completed. My fingers were already fidgeting about the trigger when the lad called his father's attention from me, and now the thing suddenly went off, how, I could never tell, nearly throwing me backwards with the rebound.

"Dear, dear me, Mrs. Howard! You shouldn't have done that, cried the old man testily, and at the same instant I caught sight of Jack coming down the stairs with Gerald Dene.

"Now, I wonder where the shot has gone?"

I felt that I had turned pale. The report had startled me. But I was angry at his tone, and made haste to defend myself.

"I'm sure I can't tell. But you ought to be sure that it was an accident. I never intended to fire."

So then he begged my pardon, and by-and-bye took me into the dining-room.

"Where is Chrystal?" asked Mrs. Dene, as soon as we were all settled. For although she was not out of the school-room, the girl always dined with her parents during the holidays. It was a very unceremonious household, that at Woodleigh, a fact not altogether to the well-pleasing of its mistress, who was a

lady by birth, and a great lover of the proprieties.

To-night, however, the youngest daughter's seat was empty, and no one seemed to know anything of Chrystal's whereabouts. The last to notice her had been Arthur, who had seen her in the garden all by herself, he said, whilst he was cutting my roses.

"You had better go and find Miss Chrystal, James," ordered the mother. "She may not be aware that we are at table. Mr. Howard, will you say grace?"

The footman left the room as Jack rose. Then we all subsided, and began to find out who were our neighbours, and what were their pet topics of talk, as we tasted our soup.

About ten minutes passed before James returned. Then he entered with a white face, and at something very much like a trot.

"Miss Chrystal be a-laying in t' midst o' th' gravel-path, behind t' trees, opposite t' front door," he blurted out—he was but a raw Yorkshire lad. "And I'm afeart as she's badly. I can't mak' she speak."

Mr. Dene had risen and rushed away before the servant had well completed the first sentence. As to Jack, he was even quicker, and all the rest of us followed in a panic of fear. I felt as though I must be in some horrible, terrifying dream, for already I almost guessed the truth.

Shall I ever forget the scene which met our eyes when we reached the spot where she had fallen? Ever lose the haunting memory of that white, dead face which comes so often to stare at me in the darkness of the night? The moon was shining down between the thick branches of the overhanging beeches, casting a silvery radiance upon the form of the girl who had been my rival in my husband's love, as she lay all stiff and stark and motionless in his arms. The dark cloud of her hair fell across his chest, her wonderful eyes were wide open, staring with a ghastly unconsciousness at the star-lit sky; about the pretty mouth the happy curves yet lingered. She had been struck down all unawares in one fatal, painless moment, without a second for fear or dismay to chase away that pathetic smile.

And when they had carried her into the house, they discovered what had wrought her destruction. There, through

the soft dress, exactly over the heart which had been beating so warmly but one short hour before, was a tiny hole, tinged at the edge with crimson blood. It was the shot discharged by my clumsy, ignorant fingers which had done the awful deed.

At first I was almost frantic. I called myself a murderess, I raved about my guilt, I wailed for pardon. And even in the midst of their sorrow, the father and mother, whom my action had bereaved, were good to me. I was soothed with tender words, assured of forgiveness, even made to understand that they attached no blame to me. And after a while Jack took me home.

Of the events of the next few hours I can recall scarcely anything. I shut myself up in my own room, refusing all idea of comfort, and so absorbed in the intensity of my remorse that I scarcely even wondered that, during all those dreary moments, Jack never came near me. The first thing that aroused me from this state of stupor was the necessity of attending the inquest.

I suppose that I answered the questions they put. I suppose that I did what was required of me. And afterwards there came to my mind a vague remembrance that the verdict given had been one of "Death by misadventure." But my only real memory is one of a sea of faces that

appeared to be all eyes, or rather all one great accusing eye, that followed me wherever I turned, branding me again and again with the fearful name of murderess. Not, indeed, that I had meant to harm her—I, who would gladly have died in her place. Yet all the same it was I, wretched I, who had meted out her death.

And he, my husband, loved her.

After the terrible ordeal, we two went back to the little home where we had once experienced such happiness, but upon which night seemed now for ever closed in. But the darkest hour had yet to come.

"Take me away, Jack! take me away from this place!" I implored, turning to him as we stood together, only just inside the door. "I cannot stay here. My fancies are maddening me. Take me away!"

Yearning for sympathy and consideration, now that the first stunned sensation was over, I tried to throw my arms round his neck. But he shrank away, and I saw that the expression with



SHE LAY STIFF AND STARK IN HIS ARMS.



which he was regarding me was not all of pity or of grief. Horror and repulsion had their share in it also.

"You shall go, May, of course. You should do anything you wished, and that will be best of all. But I shall not take you."

I drew myself together, and collected all my courage to meet the blow which was about to fall. Before he spoke again I realised the horrible thing which I must hear.

"I do not blame you, child," he went on, in a sad, tired voice, that had in it none of the old ring and fire, "I am utterly certain that you had no evil intention, and yet—oh, I *can't* forgive you, I *can't* touch your hand, for it killed—her!"

We were in the study by this time, and with a sob that shook him from head to foot, Jack threw himself upon the sofa and hid his face in his hands. Suddenly, however, he got up again, and began to pace the floor as he went on talking.

"It is I who have been to blame from first to last, May," he said. "I ought not to have lingered here. Long ago I ought to have left Thetfield and her. If I had done so she would have been alive now. It is my wickedness, my sin, and mine must be the punishment."

Once more I crept close to his side and tried to take his fingers.

"Oh, Jack, don't talk so," was my miserable entreaty, "it is all dreadful together, dearest, all—all! But pray forgive me! Pray don't make me feel that I have broken your heart. Take me away with you and let me comfort you. Why should you blame yourself when no one else has a thought of blame to cast at you? For me, I would have died——"

"I know it, May. The wickedness has been mine. Haven't I said so? And yet"—he looked at me; looked at me, his wife, with a shudder—"And yet it was you who killed her. No, no, no! Don't ask me to stay with you, I should grow to hate you. I could not bear the sight of you!"

In a passion of grief that nearly choked me, I flung myself at his feet upon the carpet.

"Oh, my husband, spare me!" I shrieked. "Have you no pity, no love—none—left for your wife?"

But alas! My pleading seemed only to weary him.

"I loved her," his answer came after a moment of silence. "You do not need to hear that again, surely? And I cannot—may I be forgiven if it be but a fresh sin in me, but I cannot take the hand which murdered my heart's one darling."

With which he left me lying there upon the floor, and by-and-bye I heard the hall door close behind him. I never saw his face, or listened to his voice, or heard his footstep again.

That night, my mother, summoned by telegram, came to me. She took me back to the old home, and here I have been ever since.

I do not blame him. It was all natural. Natural that he should love Chrystal, natural that he should hate her destroyer, natural that he should separate himself from me as he did. And yet he might have had pity upon me as I once had pity upon him. He might have understood that it was my misfortune, my bitter, bitter misfortune, to see his love pass away from me to another, and still be compelled to stand between him and the woman he desired. He might have realised how gladly and joyfully I would have given my life for hers, for his dear sake. And then perhaps he could have forgiven me.

\* \* \* \*

That all happened such a few months ago! But I have grown very old since then, and even the future has ceased to hold out to me any hope. For last week I heard that he, too, was dead. And since then I dare hardly long for heaven, because he is there and does not want me. I see him and Chrystal together at last, and feel that he is the happier because I am not near to interrupt their bliss.

So, although it does seem hard, sometimes, to think that when I reach that holy place I may find that he, my love, has forgotten to expect me, I must try to bear life patiently. For if my entrance to the bright land must call him from her side, if it need bring one shade across his radiant face, I am sure that I would be content, nay, that I would choose, to stay upon this sad earth for ever.

Only I have a trust that the Great Father understands, and that He has prepared for me some little corner, into which I may slip so silently that Jack need never know.

## Domestic Life in India.



**T**HE luxury of living and dwelling in the tropics is practically unknown to most Englishmen.

The general idea is, that to take up an appointment in the East is equivalent to banishment from all comfort and ease. Far from it is the case. True, in England, we have home comforts and surroundings the like of which can be met with nowhere else, and which are dear to the heart of every loyal British subject, but the *dolce far niente* of Eastern life has to be experienced to be rightly appreciated.

In England our domestics are few, and hard-worked as a rule. With the exception of the opulent classes, two, or at the most three, servants manage to do all the household work; indeed, many thousands of households exist with one, and only one.

The SLAVEY—who does not know the genus “Slavey”—has she not been portrayed in the pages of *Punch*? Has she not been caricatured on the dramatic stage? and still she thrives; she has her rights and her perquisites. She maintains the one and she obtains the other; but she

is ever willing, ever good-tempered, ever ready to turn her hand to any or everything. She will run errands, cook the dinner, wait at table, wash the front and area steps, nurse the baby and flirt with the policeman. How different the domestic of the East, the genus *Nowkar* (Hindustani servant).

What with caste prejudices and custom which in time has become law, your Eastern servant has his particular kind of work apportioned to him; and catch him doing anybody else's. To hear an Anglo-Indian describe his household, one would think, perchance, he were a Rajah, or some great man; but he may be, and most probably is, only an ordinary mortal like yourself, dear reader. Yet it is absolutely necessary for peace and comfort that one should keep up a large staff of servants. A short description of the numerous attendants, with their duties, no doubt will be interesting to many.

First, the BEARER. Now I come to think of it, this looks an English word, yet, during all my years of residence in the East, I never heard another name for this,



the most useful of servants. This Bearer is your valet, your general factotum. He attends you as would a faithful dog. Does Sahib want to bathe and change his clothes? They are ready. Is Sahib hot? He will call the punkah coolie to fan him. Does master feel tired and would like a "peg"? He is at hand to summon the—

KHITMUTGAR to fetch the ingredients, viz., brandy, *belatee-pani* (soda water, literally English water) and *burruf* (ice). Now why on earth he could not do it himself no one knows; it is the *dustoor* (custom) for the Khitmutgar to do it, and do it he must. He is also the table servant who brings you your *chota-hazree* (small breakfast), usually a cup of coffee with toast and fruit, taken immediately on rising, generally about six a.m. He also waits at table, carries the dishes from the cook-



BEARER (VALET).

house to the dining-room, looks after the cleaning of the plates and dishes, cutlery, etc. Picture me, reader, lying exhausted in a long chair after a day's work, drinking in the cooler air of the evening, half asleep, perchance dreaming of dear ones far away in Old England, when my reverie is suddenly broken by my

KHANSAMAH with his *Hoozoor khana maize pur hai* (dinner is on the table, sir). Now Thackeray has well portrayed Jeames in his plush and powder, but Jeames never did, nor never could, approach the importance of Mr. Khansamah. He is your butler, your head servant; he orders your meals, he sees that the proper

bazaar is bought every morning, that master's favourite dishes are prepared, that his wine or beer is properly iced, and, in general, that everything is in apple-pie



THE KHITMUTGAR (WAITER).



KHANSAMAH (BUTLER).

order; but you will notice that I say he "sees," etc. He is far too important (in his own estimation) to do it himself, and yet if you are blessed with a good, Khansamah you are indeed thrice blessed.

The BOWARCHEE (cook).—To my mind this is the most marvellous being of all the domestics.

His cook-house, always a separate building, is small and crude, his utensils simplicity itself; yet his dishes are as varied as can be, and every one is palatable and tasty—the marvel being that he never tastes one of them himself. True, they are fearfully and wonderfully made, and possibly not too cleanly in the preparation thereof; but "what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over," sufficeth it, it pleaseth thee.

Indian curry has to be eaten in India with Indian surroundings, or, as the phrase has it, "fixings," for it to be really known what curry is. The awful mixtures served up in English restaurants, and euphemistically called "Curry à la India," would make any well-behaved native of India blush with shame.

Possibly, next in importance comes your SYCE (groom). He has entire charge of your horse: grooms, waters and feeds it daily and makes your tum-tum (dog-cart) all spick and span. I fancy were you to ask your English groom to run on foot, while you rode, he would—well, you know what he would do, if not say; yet

you mount your horse, and tell your Syce where you are going; he is off like a deer, and on your arrival at your destination, there he is, smiling, ready to hold the animal's head and lead him up and down to cool. Mr. Syce has an underling, the "grass-cut" (Anglice, grass-cutter), a man who cuts the grass for the horse's daily ration, and otherwise assists the Syce.

Next in order comes the MEHTA (the sweeper). He is always of the lowest caste and does all the lower menial work. He sweeps the house, washes the dog (every man keeps a dog), etc., all under the vigilant eye of the Khansamah.

Then comes the BHISTEE (the water-carrier). You will see that this man carries his *mussuck* on his back, this is made out of the entire skin of a sheep or goat. The picture depicts the Bhistee filling a *serai* with water. On the right and left are the *ghurrahs* (earthen pots), to hold water for your daily ablutions.

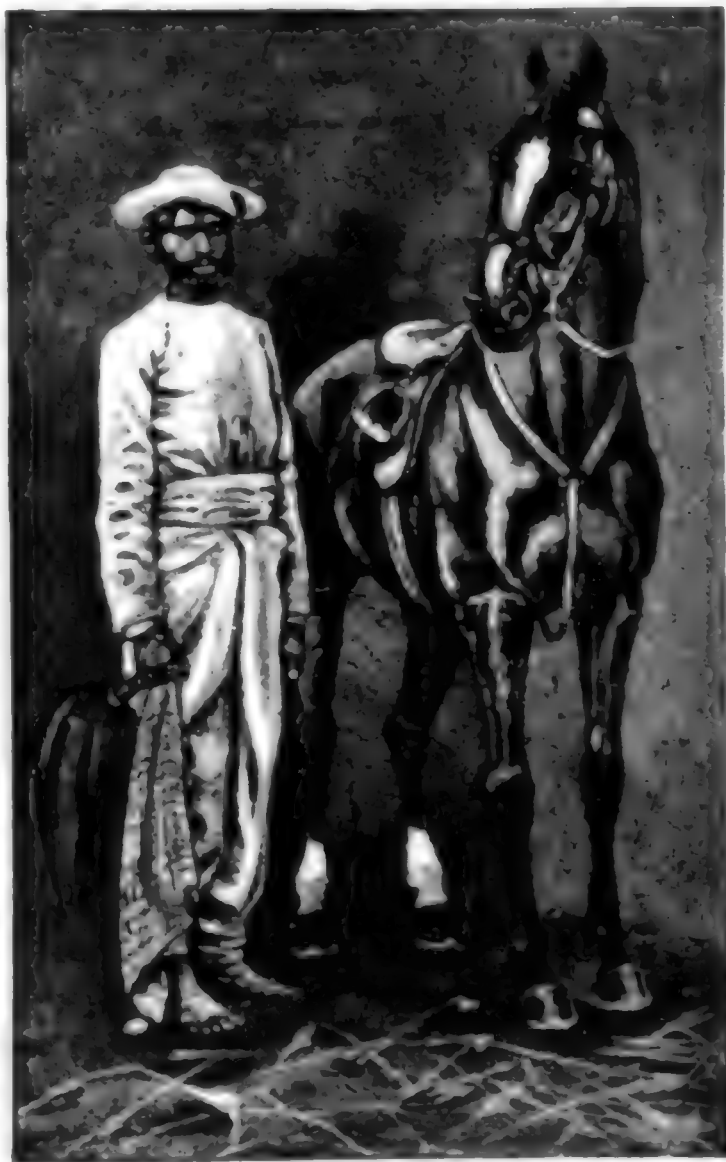
The MALEE (gardener). This worthy person takes a great interest in your garden: he waters

your plants, fills your vases with the luxuriantly beautiful and varied flowers of the East; gathers the vegetables for the cook-house, and generally does an ordinary English gardener's duties.

Our last illustration shows two men, one only, however, is your servant. The one with the



BOWARCHEE (COOK).



SYCE (GROOM).



bag slung round him is the *dawk-wallah* (postman), the other is your *chuprasi*. His place is at your outer door, but always within call. He runs your messages, carries your *chits* (small notes), etc. He is always a proud man; he wears a broad belt, ornamented in front with a circular brass plate, with his master's name engraved thereon. This man has a most marvellous aptitude for finding out your neighbour's affairs. However, as a rule, he is a most trustworthy mortal.

The **DHOBY** (the washerman). In India we do not have washer-

women, but men. Their method of cleansing is simple and primitive: a large *dekchie* (copper vessel) filled with water, your clothes therein, boiled over a wood or charcoal fire. So far so good; but, then the fiendish spirit enters into his soul — your clothes are carried down to the river or tank, as the case may be, a large flat stone is selected, the larger and harder the better; then the ruthless monster seizes your coat



MENTA (THE SWEEPER).



BHISTIE (WATER-CARRIER).



HALLEE (GARDENER).

or shirt by the sleeves, or your continuations by their lowest extremities, whirls them triumphantly round his head, and then belabours the poor, unoffending flat stone aforesaid most unmercifully. The result is more easily imagined than described, buttons are of course gone, they fly before the destroyer of their peace

literally in pieces. The Dhoby, having vented his spleen (N.B.—All natives have enlarged spleens, more or less) on your innocent garments, and at the same time rendered them snowy white, he once more gathers them up and returns to his hut for the next operation. His starch is rice water, commonly called *cunjee*; yet with this old-time ingredient he turns your linen out in a manner which would do credit to a West-end laundry (N.B.—This is sarcasm).

The **DURZER** (tailor). This, and the succeeding servant, are more for a family man. Every well-regulated household has its own particular tailor. He appears early in the morning, spreads out his *dhurree* (mat), and squats, tailor-fashion, in the verandah, there he sits all day, repairing old and making new garments. As a needleman, he is unsurpassed,



DHOBY (WASHERMAN).

and, as the Yankee has it, he not only sees his English *confrère*, but goes one better; he not only uses both his hands, but also his feet. The big-toe of the native is a wonderful machine, with it he can pick up small articles off the ground with the greatest facility. It is a sight to be remembered to see the durzer hold one end of a garment by his big-toe, the other extremity with his outstretched left hand, while he sews rapidly with the right. The native tailor is a very good hand at copying, or following a pattern. Tradition has it that on one occasion a gentleman gave a durzer a roll of duck cloth, wherewith to make him a dozen pairs of trousers, and supplied him with a well-fitting pair as a pattern. Unfortunately the pattern was well-worn, and had a small hole in it. The dutiful durzer made the complete dozen, a beautiful fit, but, most religiously following his pattern, repeated the hole in each pair.

The AYAH.—This damsel, whose dress is a most charming arrangement, generally

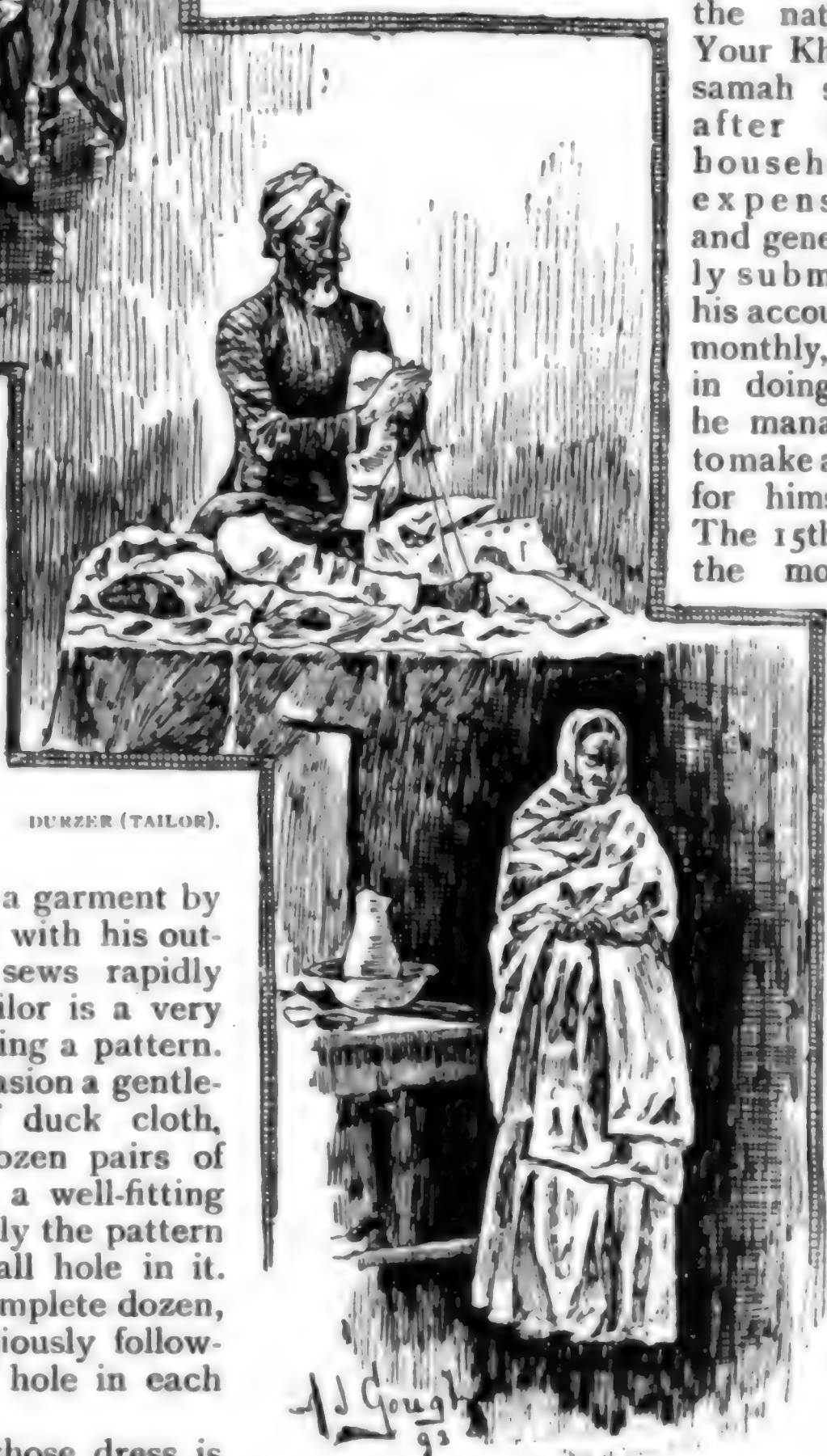
in red and white, performs all the functions of a lady's maid. She is also the nurse.

To this list might be added the CHOWKEDAR (watchman) whose duty it is to keep awake all through the night, and keep off burglars and other marauders. This duty, it is needless to add, he never performs.

The MUSALCHEE.—This is the cook's assistant, generally a youth who is being initiated into the mysteries of the cuisine.

This may seem a very formidable retinue, but every man has his own particular duties, and he goes about them with that quiet, stealthy tread, so

peculiar to the native. Your Khan-samah sees after the household expenses, and generally submits his accounts monthly, but in doing so he manages to make a bit for himself. The 15th of the month



DURZER (TAILOR).

AYAH (NURSE).



is always pay day, when all the servants troop in to draw their last month's pay. The idea is to keep your servant always half a month in arrear, and by this means have a hold on his services; for native servants have a habit, if no arrears are owing them, of suddenly departing without a word of warning. 'Tis a funny way they have! The expense of keeping up such an establishment is by no means dear, as it can be done for 100 rupees per month, or less, which is equivalent, at the pre-



DAWK-WALLAH (POSTMAN), AND CHUPRASI (MESSENGER).

sent rate of exchange, to about six pounds sterling, and it must be further understood that the native feeds and clothes himself on his pay. Indeed, very often a man will support all his relatives on his pay. Fancy it, readers, if you can—a whole family clothed and fed on less than a pound per month. Is it any wonder, then, that the Anglo-Indian, returned once more to his mother country, pines for the comfort and luxury of his native servants?

H. F.



Among the various plays that I have visited this month, I can find room in these notes for but brief remarks.

**HADDON HALL.**—By Mr. Sydney Grundy and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The author has given us a pleasing and romantic story of the love and wooing of Dorothy Vernon in that troublesome period of history when strife waxed furious between the Roundheads and the Royalists; but many liberties are taken and the piece is brought up to date, and much fun and good-humoured satire poked at the modern-day faddists. Indeed, the author is careful to insert in the book of the words an explanatory note to the effect that "The clock of Time has been put forward a century, and other liberties have been taken with the text."

The first scene, the terrace, by Telbin, is, as indeed all the scenes are, a perfect stage picture:

"The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,  
Above the cedars that girdle them, rise;  
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,  
And outline sharp in the bluest skies."

Dorothy Vernon is loved by, and loves John Manners, but her father, Sir George Vernon, will not consent to the union, and wants her to give her hand, where her heart can never be, to her cousin, Rupert Vernon, because the title to the estates is in dispute, and though Sir George Vernon is in possession, yet it is more than hinted that they really belong to Rupert.

Nothing is left for John Manners to do but to persuade Dorothy to elope with him, and this he successfully accomplishes with the assistance of Oswald. Oswald arrives, disguised as a peddling Jew and bearing a letter from Manners to Dorothy. Here one of the prettiest and most tuneful of trios is sung between Dorothy, Dorcas and Oswald—"Oh, tell me what is a maid to say."

The Puritans, led by Rupert, on their entrance

give off some platitudes and pass a general anathema on everybody and everything:



MR. CHAS. KENNINGHAM.

"Down with princes, down with people;  
Down with churches, down with steeples;  
Down with love and down with marriage;  
Down with all who keep a carriage;  
Down with lord and down with lady;  
Up with everything that's shady,  
Down with life, and down with laughter;  
Down with landlords, down with land;  
Whom the soil belongs to after,  
We could never understand;  
Pleasure—we can do without it;  
Down with court and down with king;  
And—just while we are about it—  
Down with every blessed thing!"

Some very amusing dialogue takes place between Rupert and the other Puritans, who, by-the-bye answer to such names as



MISS BRANDRAM AND MR. RICHARD GREEN.



"Sing Song Simeon," "Kill Joy Candlemas," "Barnabas Bellows to Mend," and "Nicomodemus Knock-knee."

Rupert eventually confesses he is a bit sick of all this cant and humbug, and tired of trying to make an Utopia of this world, and very aptly says:

"Tho' the world be bad,  
'Tis the best to be had;  
And, therefore, Q. E. D.,  
Tho' it mayn't suit you  
And a chosen few,  
It's a good enough world  
for me."

One of the most delightful characters in the piece is one McCrankie, a Scotch puritan of the most uncompromising type.

The long contested law-suit has at last been decided, and Haddon Hall passes to Rupert. Sir George and Lady Vernon prepare to depart, which gives occasion for a charming duet, "Alone, alone."

Then the McCrankie drops his wicked ways, doffs his kilt, dons breeks, and becomes a man of the world, and to show his conversion, dances a Highland fling:

"A wee bit skirl;  
A wee bit whirl;  
A fling wi' auld  
McCrankie."

Rupert hands over the estates again to Sir George; John Manners returns with his bride; Dorothy, obtains the forgiveness of Sir

George and Lady Vernon, and all ends happily.

Mr. Denny, as the McCrankie, is too delightful for words: one only fault is to be found with him, and

that is, he is too seldom on the stage. Miss Hill makes a sympathetic and pleasing Dorothy; and Mr. Kenningham has one or two fine opportunities, of which he makes the most. Mr. Richard Green, as Sir George Vernon, has not much

singing to do, for which I say, "more's the pity." He has a good voice, clear and true, and has a big future before him—his duet with Lady Vernon being exquisitely rendered.

**HYPATIA.**—This, an adaptation of Kingsley's well-known novel, "Hypatia," is by Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie. The adapter has departed a good deal from the original, and has given us a most powerful play, highly classical throughout, and most interesting at times. When it was first produced, the critics were unanimous in their praise of the production, but feared it would not run, owing to its lack of interest for the general public. However, the result has

proved different: "Hypatia" is still going, strong and well. The scenery, which is perfect, was produced under the immediate direction of Alma Tadmor. The play opens at the house of the Bishop of Alexandria. There is a feud between the Christians and the Pagans. The Pagans are led by Hypatia; and Philammon, a young priest, has vowed to



MR. TREE AS ISSACHAR.



MR. LEWIS WATLER AS ORKTES IN "HYPATIA."



MISS HILDA HANBURY.



MISS JULIA NELSON AS HYPATIA.

get Hypatia out of the way, but while endeavouring to do so, he falls in love with her. Orestes, who is the commander of the city, has compromised Ruth, the daughter of Issachar. Issachar, unaware of this, makes a nice little plot to the effect that Orestes shall marry Hypatia, and then publicly pronounce himself emperor. This Issachar does for his own private ends: he wishes to be revenged on the Christians for their oppression of his race. This all works out as he wishes. In the meantime Issachar has found out the relationship between Orestes and Ruth, so immediately Orestes declares himself emperor he is stabbed by Issachar. Eventually, in the last act, the Christians are victorious over the Pagans, a general *mêlée* takes place, and Philammon and Hypatia are both brutally murdered. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Issachar is a revelation, and is one of the finest character sketches he has ever done. Miss Julia Neilson is the gentle, noble Hypatia Kingsley wrote—more I cannot say. Mr. Lewis Waller has made a decided step forward in his creation of the part of Orestes—he was majestic, and the noble Roman to the manner born. Mr. Fred. Terry as the impulsive and fanatical young monk, Philammon, is also an excellent study. Miss Hilda Hanbury, who is now out of the bill, was also charming. To sum the matter up, "Hypatia" is a classical play, carefully and accurately produced and ably and well played, which does credit to the British stage and will be long remembered. It is an education to witness it,

and it is a play at which no one, even the greatest prude, can carp.

WALKER, LONDON.—Mr. Toole has undoubtedly "struck ile" in this piece. It has already long since celebrated its one hundredth performance, and is now merrily running up the second century. The plot is simplicity itself. An ordinary houseboat party is up the river: a barber,



MR. J. L. TOOLE

Jasper Phipps by name, is about to be married, but as he cannot afford a honeymoon for two, determines at the very last moment, indeed, the day before his wedding, to have his honeymoon before this event, and to have it alone. He goes up the river, saves a young lady from drowning in *two feet of water*, the boatman gives a glowing account of his heroic conduct, and the thankful friends invite him on board the houseboat. Phipps scents a good time, and intimates that his name is Colonel Neal. As the

Colonel's name is ringing throughout the country, he having just returned after some arduous travels in Central Africa, naturally everybody is delighted to have the company of such a distinguished traveller as the gallant Colonel un-



MR. SHELTON AS BEN.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.  
From a Photo. by Elliott and Fry

doubtedly has proved himself to be. Eventually Jasper's bride that is to be runs him to earth. Out of this little plot a great deal of innocent and wholesome fun is extracted.

Mr. Toole is at home in his part, and his attempts to act up to the character of the Colonel he is impersonating are excruciatingly funny. He has a way of saying, "It's nothing. Oh, it's nothing!"



when pressed to describe any of the many heroic deeds coupled with the name of the Colonel. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is as charming and fresh as she always is, and adds no little to the success of the play. Mr. George Shelton manages to make the character of Ben the Boatman stand out, and a very clever sketch is that of Andrew McPhail by Mr. Seymour Hicks. He has just been up for his final medical exam. and his time is spent in a state of nervous excitement—wondering whether he will pass. Eventually, when the wire arrives announcing his success, his wild joy and delight is but natural. He now at once realises he is no longer a poor medical student; he is now a full-blown medico and must comport himself accordingly.

He adjourns to his cabin, throws off his flannels and blazer—he is done with such frivolity—and dons the immaculate frock coat and tall hat, and comes out armed with a stethoscope, ready to do and die. The contrast is delightful, and oh, how natural. How many times do we see the same thing in everyday life? Dr. McPhail's prescription, at present, for a "fit of the blues," which I give gratis to my readers, is, "Go and see 'Walker, London,' a perfect cure guaranteed."

\* \* \*

About the time this magazine will be in the hands of my readers, some new pieces will be due. First, "Uncle John" at the Vaudeville. Secondly, Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's new drama at the Adelphi, title at present unknown; suffice to say it will not be "The Black Domino." In the cast will be found such old favourites as Mr. Chas. Glenny, Mr. Thalberg, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Evelyn Millard, Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. W. L. Abingdon.

\* \* \*

I further hear that this will be one of the best pieces yet written by those gentlemen. Yet another play and I'm done: "Men and Women" is due at the end of March at the Opera Comique. This is a powerful social up-to-date drama, and in it will be Miss Amy Roselle, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Elliot and others. Great things are expected of this production.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our February Number, to whom the 3-vol. novels have been sent:—H. M. Curry, 1, Aberdeen Terrace, North Strand, Dublin; F. B. Shaw, Broadfield, Tooting Bec Gardens, Streatham; Miss Ethel Piper, Copthorne, Shrewsbury; R. W. Johnson, 11, Wellfield Road, Liverpool; T. Burch, jun., 16, Warwick Gardens, Kensington.

\* \* \*

I hear the final League football match is to be played on the 25th of March, at Manchester, so that I shall be able to announce the winner of the Gold Watch in our next issue. I may say here that the popularity of this competition has far exceeded my anticipations. We received just under five thousand post-cards, which proves the interest taken in our winter game.

\* \* \*

The University Crews, photos. of which appear overleaf, have made a longer stay with us this year than usual, and the interest always centred upon this inter-varsity tussle has been fully maintained this year. The river at Putney has attracted large crowds of enthusiasts to watch the doings of the crews, and I think at the time of my writing there is nothing to stop the Dark Blues from winning the race again this year, though the Cantabs have made themselves most popular since their stay amongst us.

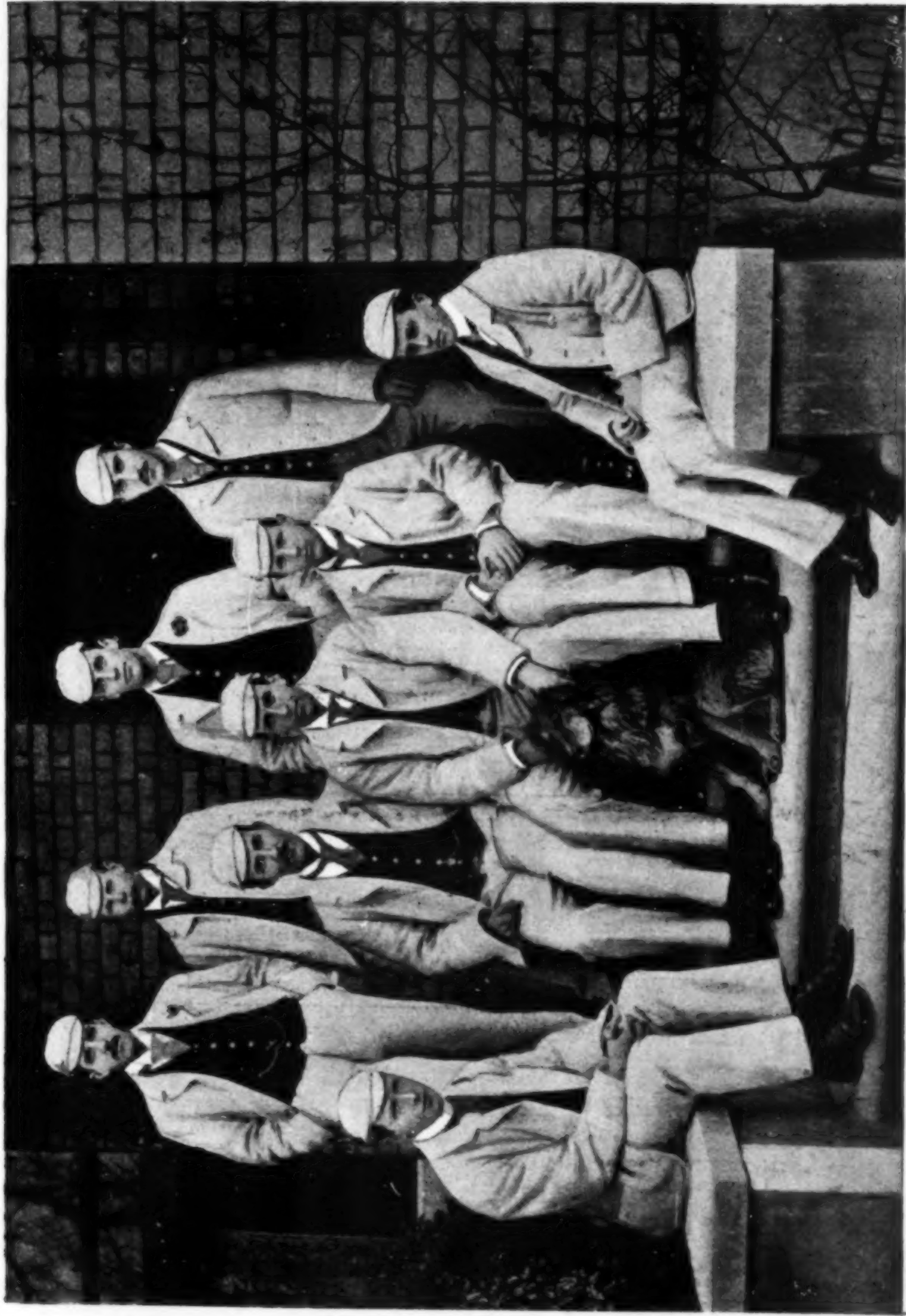
The Oxonians have five of last year's crew in their boat, while the Light Blues have but two; but, like the Oxford men, they are "good ones," and, as far as my opinion goes, I consider Mr. Kerr, the Cambridge president, as pretty an oar as any in the two crews, and, if anything, he has improved upon his excellent form of last year; but still, I am afraid faults are to be found amongst the new hands, and the weight of their opponents will more than tell against them. The Oxford stroke, Mr. Pilkington, is a freshman from Eton, and has wonderfully improved during his practice on the tide-way, having behind him such pastmasters as Pitman (last year's stroke), Fletcher, Nickalls, Ford and Cotton.



H. LEGGE, No. 4 (*Trinity*). M. E. ILLINGTON, Stroke (*Magdalen*). J. A. MORRISON, No. 3 (*New College*).  
 C. M. FITMAN, J. A. FORD, A. B. PORTMAN, W. A. L. FLETCHER, H. B. COTTON,  
 No. 7 (*New College*). No. 2 (*Brasenose*). Cox (*University*). No. 6 (*Christ Church*). Row (*Magdalen*).

OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE CREW (1893).

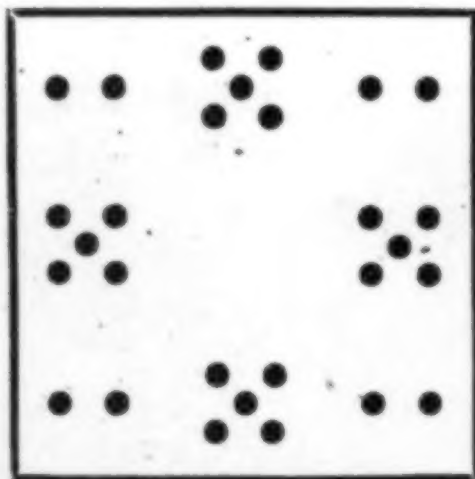




G. A. H. BRANSON, C. T. FOGG-ELLIQT, L. A. E. OLLIVANT, E. H. M. WALLER,  
 No. 1 (First Trinity), No. 2 (First Trinity), No. 3 (First Trinity), No. 4 (Corpus),  
 T. G. LEWIS, R. O. KERRISON, G. C. KERR, R. V. BAYFORD, C. T. AGAR,  
 No. 5 (First Trinity), No. 6 (First Trinity), No. 7 (Third Trinity), No. 8 (Trinity Hall), No. 9 (Third Trinity),  
 No. 10 (Third Trinity), No. 11 (Third Trinity), Cox (Third Trinity).

# CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE CREW (1893).

# ❖ Puzzledom ❖



22. A man had 28 fowls, which he kept in eight pens placed as above, so that by counting each side he had nine fowls in each row. His dishonest servant, however, stole eight of the fowls, four on one day and four on the next, re-arranging the groups of the remaining fowls so that they still counted nine in a row. Show how the fowls were placed after each theft.

23. A market woman has a basket of 150 oranges, apples and pears. For every  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pears she has  $2\frac{1}{2}$  apples and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  oranges. How many of each fruit has she?

24. Write down as many English words as you know that read the same backwards as forwards—as, for example, "Madam."

25. Why is human life the riddle of all riddles?

26. What bird can lift the heaviest weight?

27. What is it that a dumb man can't crack?

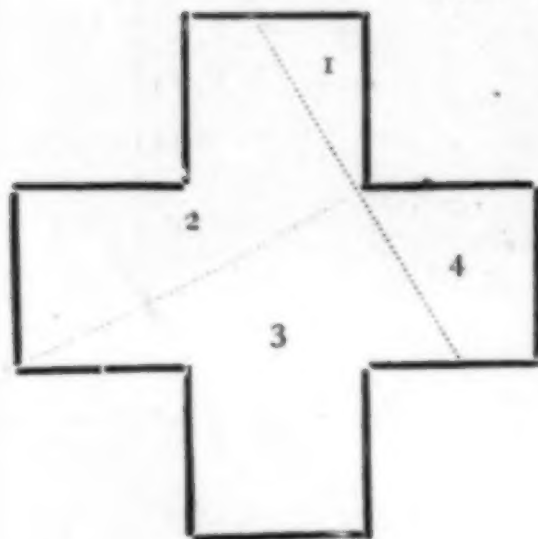
28. Why are fowls the most economical thing a farmer can keep?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th April. Competitions should be addressed "April Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards preferred.

## ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

No. 15.



16. *Because they both make extracts.*

17. *Because it's the end of pork.*

18. *A step-father [farther].*

19. *Because it furnishes dates.*

20. *My first, wake; my second, field; my whole, Wakefield.*

21. *He had 10 pigs.*